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SIXPENCE.



TO THE MEMORY OF FALLEN COMRADES: COLONIAL TROOPS LISTENING TO THE "DEAD MARCH" AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL ON AUGUST 13.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I notice that an American journal, not remarkable for habitual caution and sobriety, has been lecturing the English Press on its readiness to print the lurid details of imaginary massacres in China. Apparently we were all deceived by the circumstantial accounts of the tragedy at Peking. It was only too likely to have happened, and it was sure to have been accompanied by that license of barbarity which still distinguishes the countrymen of Confucius. Moreover, it was authenticated by Chinese officials, who seem to have cherished for a short time the singular idea that these horrors would frighten Europe into paralysis. Shêng, of Shanghai, kindly furnished the leading ideas for most of the tales of butchery. I should like to know Shêng. He reminds me of the Chinese dignitary in Mr. James Payn's "By Proxy," who was full of sentiments that scarcely accorded with his daily life. An Englishman assured him that he was worthy to be classed in the esteem of mankind with a benevolent philosopher who was one of the glories of England. "Tell me his honourable name," said the Chinaman, "that I may do him the homage I pay to my ancestors." "His name is Pecksniff," said the Englishman, and Pecksniff was duly inscribed on the Mandarin's tablets as the proper object of a religious rite.

It should be remarked that pretty nearly the whole diplomatic world shared this pessimism about Peking. Journalism cannot claim to be always wiser than diplomacy. Granted that this Chinese imbroglio has shown the journalists to be far from omniscient, who can boast of his sagacity? Did a single European statesman anticipate this outburst of rage in China against the "foreign devils"? Can you find any two experts in Chinese affairs who agree either as to the cause of this phenomenon, or as to the conclusions to be drawn from it? I have read endless "interviews" with Europeans who have lived in China for many years, and they differ absolutely as to the character of the Chinese, and the policy that should govern our relations with them. If you could despatch consuls, traders, missionaries, and journalists to another planet, you might expect from them as bewildering a variety of opinions as you get from authorities who profess to know China intimately. It is not Peking only that is still enveloped in mystery. You might imagine that the operations of the Allied troops who have set out from Tientsin would be intelligible to their own commanders. But the military despatches are as hard to reconcile as the Chinese telegrams. Shêng himself could not produce a more admired confusion than radiates from the camps of the Allies, from the Cabinets of Europe and America, and from the sermons of the Kaiser. The poor journalist finds himself hopelessly eclipsed in the art of misleading and puzzling mankind.

It is said that Count Mouravieff's sudden death was due to the discovery that he had blundered frightfully over the Chinese problem. I suspect that to be an obituary embellishment. Statesmen blunder much oftener than the world imagines, and are, therefore, hardened against the shock of a greater miscalculation than usual. Journalists do not die of their mistakes, or I should now be reposing under some charitable epitaph. Last week I mourned over the announcement of a new farcical comedy at the Adelphi, having failed to observe that the notices outside that theatre related to the Vaudeville hard by. We all have our trippings and our slippings, but we are inured to them, and do not send for the doctor when we behold them in print, or in the unexpected commotions of a neighbouring country whose politics we have entirely misunderstood. Statesmen are accustomed to meet disaster, and even the consequences of their own crimes, with an equanimity that I cannot claim in the presence of my heedless outrage on the traditions of the old Adelphi. In this affair conscience has me by the throat; but who ever heard of conscience troubling the sleep of Napoleon, Talleyrand, Metternich, or Bismarck? The world, or a considerable part of it, cries out upon the infamy of this or that transaction of statecraft, and the author goes to bed with a serene conviction that he has served his country. If the moralists are right, and conscience is the infallible monitor that warns us of penalties for misdoing, are we to assume that the monitor operates only on private citizens, and that public men, especially great public men, are relieved from its visitations?

Sometimes you find a great public man with a sensitive conscience about very small beer. Lord Roberts seems to be more amused than alarmed by the plot to kidnap him; but he has instructed a telegraphic person to contradict the story that he invited General Buller to take some "jumps" on a steeplechase-course near Pretoria, and gaily took them himself when Buller pleaded, "Too old, Sir." Many a man would have let that anecdote pass; but Lord Roberts pursues it like a policeman on the track of a criminal. When he reports the kidnapping affair, his only comment is "Clumsy!" It is quite easy to picture him writing his laconic despatch, for you can see him any night at the Palace Theatre in the American Biograph, transacting business at a little table, and distributing decisive nods among the officers who arrive

every moment with news from the field. All this is the gallant old Field-Marshal's professional routine; but I wish the Biograph would show us the scene when he read the legend about Buller and the "jumps." I believe he bounced up from the little table in a rage, and with picturesque imagery expressed a strong desire to court-martial the unscrupulous story-teller who had made him vaunt his superior elasticity and horsemanship at the expense of a brother officer.

I can divine the motive with which Lord Roberts sought to crush this particular anecdote; but I rejoice to think that he has not succeeded. He has simply expanded it, given it a touch of his own characteristic courtesy and delicacy, turned it, in short, into a moral tale for the use of schools, where it should serve to repress the vainglorious instinct natural to youthful Britons. True, I foresee a little difficulty in the way of the schoolmaster who tells the anecdote in its enlarged and spiritualised edition. What is he to say to the youngster who remarks: "Yes, Sir; that's all very fine, and of course we know that Bobs is the politest man in the British Army; but don't you think he *did* take those jumps after all?" Here you perceive what you may call the moral poison of the original story; and all I can suggest to the schoolmaster is that he shall discreetly evade such an inquiry by giving a pretty strong lecture on the immorality of people who write gossip in the newspapers. By this means he may induce the pupil to view the anecdote in its proper moral focus, with the "jumps" in the dim background, and the Field-Marshal's kindly tact well in front. I think the occasion should then be improved by the narration of a charming story about another Field-Marshal. In a lane near Strathfieldsaye, the Duke of Wellington came one day upon a small boy who was sitting on the ground weeping bitterly, with a large toad squatting in front of him. "What is the matter, little boy?" said the Duke. "I—I've got to go to school, and there's nobody to take care of my toad!" "Never mind, don't cry. I'll take care of your toad. What is your name?" "William Huggins," sobbed the boy. He went to school, and once a week he received a despatch in these terms: "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Master William Huggins, and begs to inform him that his toad is quite well."

There is a different kind of tale that might be impressed upon schoolboys with no small profit. Two or three weeks ago I made some comment on the remarkable letters in the *Times* from a young student-interpreter attached to the British Legation at Peking. It was he who summed up the crisis there as "a rummy situation, and no mistake," and expressed his great thankfulness that his luck had put him in the middle of it. We know now that his name was David Oliphant, and that Sir Claude MacDonald has reported him among the killed. Here was a fearless spirit for whom death had no terrors—not even a shadow of depression. He faced it with the unconquerable gaiety that must not be confused with levity, for his was the philosophy that attaches to life no virtue apart from the discharge of duty; and the more hazardous the duty the more buoyant it found him. There is something in this of the old Roman character, something that recalls Horatius—

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

Translate that patriotism into the simple pride of race, the absolutely unbending obligation that ancestry imposes on youthful blood and high spirits, and you have David Oliphant, blithe and exultant in the hour of danger that had struck his own knell.

There is always talk of national memorials for the picturesque dead. Some unfortunate scribe with a disordered imagination raved lately about what he called a "Walhalla of Heroes." You have only to walk through the Abbey or St. Paul's to see the danger of this sort of monument. Exaggeration in sculpture is worse than the misleading anecdote that Lord Roberts would like to court-martial. Moreover, in a Walhalla you have to make invidious distinctions, and the chances are that some of your heroes will get more marble than they deserve. I would have the name of David Oliphant inscribed on a tablet in every school, so that boys might learn to cherish his example before they enter a world full of squalid ambitions and barren discussions of fate, fore-knowledge, and free-will. This is one of the very few ways of ensuring that immortality so beautifully described by William Watson—

And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly air he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard for ever, and is seen no more.

The Londoner is a being with a starved imagination. Watch the travellers on the new electric railway, and you will see in their eyes the yearning for something exciting, with just sufficient spice of risk to make a thrilling narrative. Alas! it will soon be commonplace, except for the refreshing malice of the thought that every train in the "Twopenny Tube" gives a shock to the nervous householder who dwells above.

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

The death of Lord Russell of Killowen—a man whose strong personality seemed proof against even the shaft of Time—came as a surprise in every sense. For his illness was brief, and until the operation from the effects of which he sank a few hours later, its gravity had hardly been apprehended, at any rate out-of-doors. He passed away before dawn on the morning of Friday, Aug. 10; but on the previous Monday he had, for his own part, faced death, and with neither fear nor repining. The indomitable will that had conquered every obstacle through a long and great public career bowed at last with an entire detachment, and the advocate and orator who had won over juries and assemblies, was himself by Death—to use Sir Walter Raleigh's word—"persuaded."

Born at Newry in 1832—fit year for the birth of a Reformer to the last day of his life—Charles Russell was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He did not take a degree in the ordinary course—honorary degrees came to him without stint in later years. Qualifying as a solicitor, he practised for a time in Belfast. Dreams of a larger life—for which he felt he possessed the power, and yet from which at off moments he shrank with a nervous emotion that was still his when, only six years ago, he took his seat as Lord Chief Justice of England—drew him over to England, that country of his adoption in which he was to plead, as he said at the Farnell Commission, for the country of his birth. He entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, mainly supporting himself, meanwhile, by his earnings as a reporter in the Gallery of the House of Commons. Both his careers—that of politician and that of lawyer—were being made together by one of the most observant men of his time. The local Bar at Liverpool gave Mr. Russell his first chance; by degrees his fame spread through the Circuit; the year 1865 found him following his cases to London and making his mark; and in 1872 he took silk, and was thenceforth a force to reckon with, not only on the Northern Circuit, but also in London. His thoroughness, his conscience, his loyalty to his clients, his alertness as a cross-examiner—these points gained for him by degrees the supremacy he was never to lose. Not lightly was that reputation made. It stood for labour that few men could concentrate so fiercely as he upon the point in hand—and all within office hours, be sure of that. The man who talked "shop" to him out of court or out of chambers had as little encouragement to proceed as the man in court who imported gossip from outside. Lord Russell did not "suffer fools gladly" in juniors, in jurymen, in witnesses, in colleagues at the Bar, in—why not be frank?—Judges themselves. That is certain. But no man was more ready to recognise merit or to applaud the best endeavours of even dull persons than he. The record of his kindnesses, in and out of his profession, are at once too long to enumerate, yet too long not to be slighted by a mere allusion. Because he had no "side," the posing part of the world thought perhaps that he lacked dignity; and, because he had no unction on his sleeve, that he lacked devotion. Such judgments pass muster from time to time among weak men about those who are incomprehensibly stronger than themselves.

As familiarly and saliently known as were his strenuous and impressive features in London are the outlines of his public life. He entered Parliament for Dundalk in 1880, and afterwards sat for Hackney. He was Attorney-General in 1886, and again in 1892; and no more active follower had Mr. Gladstone in his Irish reforms—especially in those dealing with the land—than his successful Law Officer of the Crown. Under him, the private practice of Mr. Attorney—his own had often brought him in fees amounting to nearly £20,000 a year—was relinquished, just as, when he became a Lord of Appeal in 1894, and then Lord Chief Justice on the death of Lord Coleridge, he brought to his task all his talents and all his energies. His work as an arbiter on the Venezuelan Boundary—and he was almost an arbiter when he was counsel for Great Britain at the Behring Sea Commission—conferred on his country greater services than a busy age perhaps appreciates, or than a Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George commemorates. As Privy Councillor and member of the Jockey Club; as a Roman Catholic deeply attached to his religion, and as a lover of the Turf; as a crusader against corrupt practices in commerce, and as a country gentleman at Tadworth Court—in twenty diverse capacities Lord Russell of Killowen had activities and capabilities which could have been split up into complete careers for half-a-dozen other men. He read as many books as most of his fellow-members of the Athenæum Club; and at the Sports Club he would play Bridge with the best. His appreciation of art may be gauged by the fact that he was twice, within twelve months before his death, a sitter to Mr. Sargent, R.A., one of whose masterly portraits we reproduce to-day. The picture is the precious possession of the lady who for over forty years was the devoted helpmate of Lord Russell, and the mother of the nine children who survive with her to mourn for an irreparable loss. On Tuesday, from Brompton Oratory, the remains of Lord Russell were conveyed to Epsom Cemetery. The service was conducted by Father Matthew Russell, brother of the deceased, and the ceremony lacked nothing in the homage due to the memory of an illustrious Judge.

PERSONAL.

The Kaiser's sentiments must not be taken literally from his sermons. He has preached against the Chinese, comparing them to the Amalekites, the Germans to the troops of Joshua, and himself to Moses, who prayed on a hill while the battle was raging. He has also insisted that Western civilisation and the Christian religion must be forced on the Chinese, whether they are willing or not. But when he is not preaching, the Kaiser is more moderate, and says the Powers must punish the authors of the anti-foreign outbreak, and exact guarantees, but avoid the policy of partition. Perhaps it would be rash to infer from this that Germany will surrender Kiao-Chau.

Lord Salisbury has gone to Schlucht in the Vosges for a month's holiday. It is understood that this step has been taken on the peremptory advice of the Premier's physician. The holiday will be a change of scene, but as Lord Salisbury will conduct the arduous business of the Foreign Office all the same, he will have scanty leisure for recreation.

Colonel William Frederick Cayave, the new Commandant of Mafeking, was formerly in the Royal Sussex

Regiment, and two years ago commanded the 35th Regimental District. From Chichester to Mafeking is a far cry; but Colonel Cayave, who is fifty-five years of age, and who did good service in South Africa once before—in the Zulu War of 1879—has unimpaired activities at his command. To unite energy and experience is the lot of the happy in all departments in life—in military service most of all. Colonel Cayave will need

to be something of a diplomatist to carry out his new duties with success; and he has under his control a particularly able set of officers and of civilians to carry on "the Queen's Government" in the little stronghold that General Baden-Powell and his braves preserved from even a temporary alienation from her dominions.

The end of the Parliamentary session was brightened by an encounter between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Swift MacNeill. Mr. MacNeill has displayed remarkable industry in the framing of questions. No other member has put so many in the course of the session. To crown this great work, Mr. MacNeill made a speech, and the Colonial Secretary remarked that people in the country might take this seriously because they did not know the member for South Down as well as he was known by the House of Commons.

Capital punishment has been abolished in Italy, but it would be a good deal more merciful than the penalties in store for the assassin of King Humbert. Ten years' solitary confinement means death or insanity by slow torture. The prisoner will not be allowed to talk, read, write, or smoke. To substitute this kind of imprisonment for execution is a ghastly mockery. Bressi deserves no sympathy whatever, but it would be more rational to treat him as a dangerous wild beast, and destroy him out of hand. Even wild beasts that are caged are not tormented.

Dr. William Alfred Elliston, President of the British Medical Association for the year 1900-1, is a Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society and a Justice of the Peace for Suffolk. For many years he has striven to advance the interests of the medical profession, and has succeeded in largely increasing the accommodation of the Ipswich and East Suffolk Hospital, of which institution he is the senior surgeon. Thirty years ago, in the medical Press and elsewhere he advocated the interests of Felixstowe as a health-resort, and the subsequent development of this seaside town has amply fulfilled his predictions. In 1880 Dr. Elliston was one of the founders of the Felixstowe Golf Club, the first club of the kind to be established in the East of England.

The despatches from the Allied commanders on the way to Peking are interesting studies in national self-esteem. The Russian commander writes at great length about the performance of his own men, and says as little as possible about the British, Japanese, and American, although it is well known that the Japanese have really won the victory in every engagement. The American commander never mentions the Russians or the French. His French colleague dwells enthusiastically on the achievement of the French artillery, which nobody else has noticed. Indeed, the way the French share in the business is ignored by the Russians must make a sad impression in Paris.

Captain Cunliffe McNeill Parsons, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, left Portsmouth at the end of last month,



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
CAPTAIN C. McNEILL PARSONS,
Commanding Royal Marine Detachment for China.

on board the *Jelung*, bound for service in China, and taking with him, under his command, a detachment of marines from Chatham, together with other troops. Captain Cunliffe Parsons, who is a son of Major-General James Bacon Parsons, was born in 1865, and has held the rank of Captain for seven years. By the time that this contingent reaches China, the fighting, we may hope, will be over; but that hope, fondly entertained for more than a fortnight by experts in Chinese methods, cannot rightly be allowed to interfere with the despatch of capable officers like Captain Cunliffe Parsons and of the men he takes with him, all of whom will be able to give good accounts of themselves if need be.

Count von Waldersee, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allies in China, is probably the most distinguished officer in the German service. As a Field-Marshal he would take natural priority in the camps of the international forces. He is regarded as Moltke's



Photo, Reuters, Berlin.
FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALTERSEE, TO COMMAND
THE ALLIES IN CHINA.

most brilliant pupil, and he has always enjoyed a special measure of the German Emperor's favour. The Countess von Waldersee is an American, and the Empress has made a very gracious and tactful allusion to that circumstance in a telegram to President McKinley. It is curious that the new Commander-in-Chief in China has been appointed when it is impossible for him to direct the advance on Peking, and when nobody knows whether, on his arrival there some two months hence, he will find any military situation at all.

Mr. David Oliphant, whose death in Peking is, unfortunately, an event that does not belong to rumour or to circumstantial evidence, was the third son of Mr. T. T. Oliphant, of St. Andrews, and was born in 1876. In 1896 he came out fifth on the list of successful candidates for student-interpretships in the Far East, this being the source from which the Consular Service is there supplied. Siam was his place, but he aspired to China, went through the examination again, came out second, and got—his fate. Early in 1897 he arrived in Peking, where he carried off two prizes and became private secretary to Mr. Bax Ironside, the Chargé d'Affaires



MR. DAVID OLIPHANT,
Killed, Peking, July 16.

in Sir Claude MacDonald's absence. Later, Sir Claude made him a full Second-Class Assistant in the Consular Service; and his last task was to undertake the defence of the east wall of the Legation, including the main entrance, the other walls being in the charge of military officers. He met with his death in the discharge of his duty. A brief mention of his name in Sir Claude MacDonald's message adds it to the roll of England's heroes.

Despite a waning season, Daly's Theatre, with the melodious "San Toy," and the Avenue, with the entertaining "Message from Mars," are still open, and doing the excellent business they deserve.

In February there was a military censorship of private letters in Natal. It lasted only a few days, but produced a great crop of complaints. General Buller has explained that by examining private letters he was able to surprise the enemy more than once, and to prevent the enemy from surprising him. That seems a sufficient answer to people who say that opening private correspondence is "un-English."

Captain Montague Sinclair Welby, who had done a great deal of excellent work as an explorer, was wounded

on July 30 in a reconnaissance at Mertzziel, and died at Paardekop on Aug. 5. Captain Welby was born in 1866, and was educated at Rugby and Sandhurst. In 1886 he was gazetted Lieutenant in the 18th Hussars. In 1887 he went to India and made several excursions in the Himalayas. His first journey was to Somaliland, and was undertaken in 1894, the year which brought him his Captaincy. To Somaliland he made a second journey in 1895, and surveyed a good deal of untroubled ground. His next important journey was taken through unknown Tibet and by way of Mongolia and China to Peking, when Captain Warren and Lieutenant Malcolm spent nearly four months, thousands of feet above sea-level, without seeing the face or habitation of man. War service as Transport Officer in the expedition against the Waziris occupied him in 1897. He saw service in the Tchi Valley, and received a medal for the Tirah Campaign. In 1898 Captain Welby undertook his expedition to Abyssinia, for which Menelik decorated him with the Gold Order of Ethiopia. His latest book, dealing with this journey, is soon to be published. Last autumn he returned to England, only to be ordered to rejoin his regiment at the Cape. He went unscathed through the siege of Ladysmith, and afterwards accompanied General Buller's forces into the Transvaal, where he received his death-wound.



Photo, Hulton.
CAPTAIN M. S. WELBY,
18th Hussars, Died of Wounds, Paardekop.

Of all the idle tales from South Africa the most foolish is Mr. Kruger's reported subscription to the electioneering funds of the Democratic Party in America. Mr. Kruger spends money only when he is sure of a prompt return. He buys guns and ammunition, and articles in some Continental papers, though he is believed to have come to the conclusion that the articles are not worth the investment.

Dr. Max Nordau, whose name has stood this week for the Zionist Congress held in London, was born of

a boy at the Gymnasium, and afterwards when a youth at the University of his native town, he began that career as a writer which had its culmination in 1893, when he produced his large book on "Degeneration." This, like other works of his—"The Drones Must Die" among the number—was translated into English and into French. Dr. Max Nordau may by now, indeed, consider himself a Frenchman, as he is a resident in Paris, where he is a newspaper correspondent, and where also the favourite subjects of his study are easily at hand. He is a doctor of medicine as well as a psychologist; and he has written novels which are, needless to say, novels with a purpose.

Miss Vera Butler, daughter of Mr. Frank Butler, hon. treasurer of the Automobile Club, has just returned to England after driving from London to Paris and back. The occasion is the first on which an automobile has been driven entirely by an English lady between the two capitals. The motor was a 6-horse power Panhard type, and the journey between Paris and Havre, 140 miles, was accomplished easily in the day, and also the journey between Southampton and London in the same time. The certificate for driving an automobile, which is compulsory in France, was obtained at Havre after passing the necessary examination before the Contrôleur des Mines.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
DR. MAX NORDAU,
President of the Zionist Congress.



INVALIDED HOME: THE WOUNDED C.I.V.'S RETURN.

Drawn by Lucien Davis.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLONIALS AT CANTERBURY.

The wounded Colonial troops, who have been recruiting at Shorncliffe Camp, were invited last Monday to visit Canterbury. The good people of the ancient city gave an enthusiastic welcome to the troopers, who were conducted by Lieutenant Satow, of the 2nd Middlesex. The Chief Magistrate eulogised their patriotic conduct. The most interesting moment of the visit was when the Colonial soldiers entered the Cathedral. As they advanced along the aisle, the organist began to play the Dead March in "Saul," in honour of the comrades who had fallen in the war. The men immediately stood at attention and saluted the memory of the dead.

THE KAISER'S CUP AT COWES.

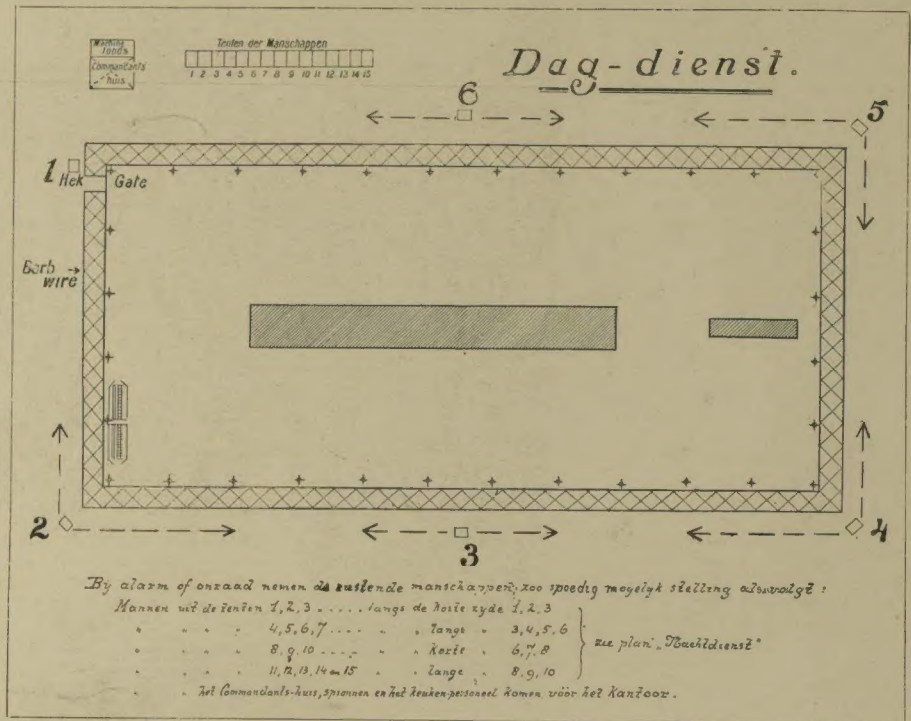
The racing for the Emperor's Cup was done under difficulties. The Solent, blown to pieces the day before, was now breathless. The trophy, presented "for all schooners and yawls of forty tons and upwards, built in Europe, and belonging to any recognised yacht club, and not for yachts which generally race in handicap races," was competed for by nine vessels, including Sir James Pender's *Florida*, Mr. Arnold Morley's *Abruna*, Sir Seymour King's *Heartsease*, and Mr. Fynn's *Columbine*. After being becalmed in the direction of Bullock Buoy, the foremost vessels emerged as the night winds sprang up, and darkness had set in on the Roads when it was announced that the *Columbine* was the winner of the Kaiser's Cup.

THE COLLISION IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

The French navy has had one of those losses which befall the best-regulated navies even in times of peace and on calm waters. On Saturday night France's Mediterranean Squadron, making for the Southern Station from Cherbourg, passed Cape St. Vincent and was steaming safely for the Straits. Strange to say, it was off Trafalgar that the accident occurred; for there the *Brennus*, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Fournier, commanding the squadron, ran into a torpedo-destroyer, the *Framée*, cut her in half, and sunk her before succour could be afforded her crew. Four officers and fifty-eight men were on board the ill-fated boat; and of these only a few—some fourteen in all—were saved. The *Framée* was one of the newest destroyers in the French navy. She was built at Nantes, was registered for a displacement of 313 tons, and had only recently joined the fleet. The steersman made the fatal mistake, wrongly hearing the commanding officer's "twenty degrees to port," and bringing her round to starboard instead. A little touch of international drama is added to the incident by the statement that the fleet of France was just preparing to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar with lights out.

PRETORIA PRISON ORDERS.

The two plans show one of the many precautions taken by the Boers to prevent any of the British prisoners in Pretoria making their escape. The orders were removed



DAY INSTRUCTIONS FOR SENTRIES OVER THE BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRETORIA, WITH PLAN OF PRISON.

Supplied by Private W. E. Carthew, 16th Lancers.

from the wall of the Commandant's office by one of the prisoners soon after his release. They are believed to be the only examples in existence, and were issued for the benefit of the sentries in whose charge the British captives had been placed, and embody a plan of the prison enclosure. It will be noticed that there was a day watch and a night watch, the guard being nearly doubled for the latter. The crosses on the plans show the position of the electric lights. The oblong in the centre represents the shed in which the prisoners slept and had their meals. A barbed-wire fence surrounded the enclosure.

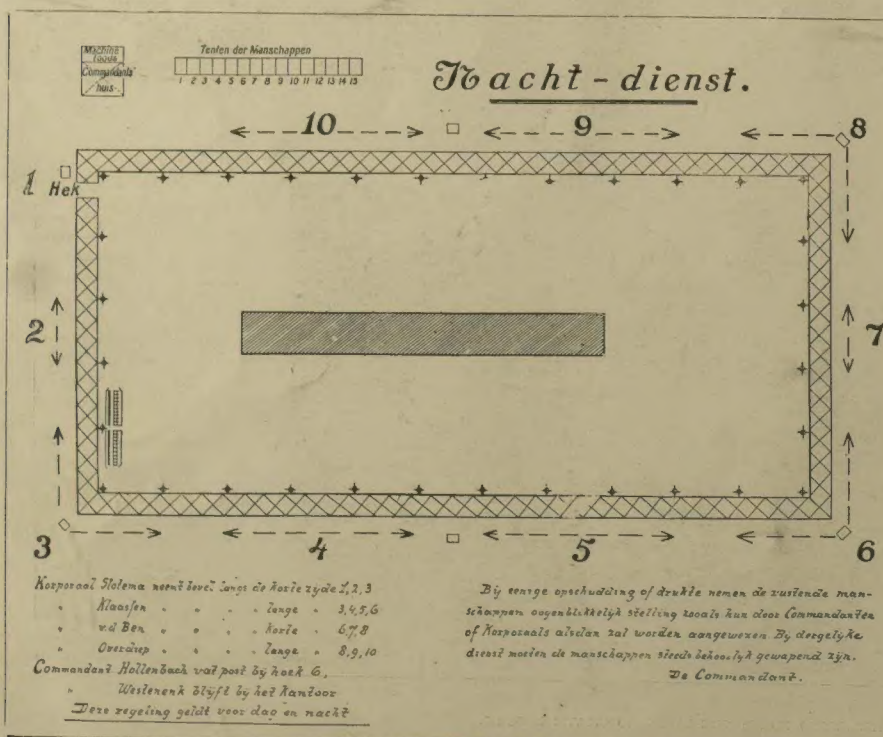
TRANSVAAL WAR PICTURES.

The capture of the Yeomanry Hospital at Roodeval Station on June 6, and the subsequent events, are illustrated this week in our pages by a most interesting series of photographs. The pictures were taken by Mr. Archie L. Langman, of the Middlesex Yeomanry (son of the donor of the Langman Hospital), who was at the time accompanying, in a private capacity, the Yeomanry Field Hospital,

under Major Stonham, on its march to Johannesburg. In a letter which Mr. Langman sent to his father, he describes the trying position in which the hospital was placed until the Boers observed the Red-Cross flags, which had been obscured by dust raised by the wagons. When at length the enemy came up, they expressed great regret for having fired upon the hospital, which they had mistaken for an ammunition column. Mr. Langman describes the scene at Roodeval Station, where 2000 mail-bags, hundreds of huge 280-lb. lyddite shells, and stores of every description were lying in the wildest disorder, and were looted and burnt by the Boer patrol. Hearing of the mishap to the 4th Derbyshires at Rhenoster Spruit, Major Stonham obtained permission to move the Field Hospital thither, and accomplished a great deal of most valuable work. On the following morning, Major Stonham and Mr. Langman had an interview with De Wet, who was accompanied by his secretary, Du Toit, and Commandant Steyn, a relative of the ex-President. De Wet treated his prisoners with great courtesy, and gave them excellent coffee. It was providential, Mr. Langman added, that the hospital happened to be on the scene of the fighting at Roodeval, as the staff were able to relieve much suffering and to save many valuable lives.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MILITARY TRANSPORT.

At the present moment, when our extended military operations in China and South Africa give weight to the problem of transport, a new system which has lately been successfully introduced into the Russian army might be of considerable value. It is intended for use in roadless districts of Asiatic Russia, in which, as in so many parts of South Africa, transport by ordinary military wagons is extremely difficult and laborious. A single wheel is placed within a light wooden frame. The shafts are attached to this, one on each side, just below the axles, being united in an iron socket a few inches in front of the frame. The mules or ponies are harnessed, not in front but on each side of the frame, which is less than a foot in thickness. A single short shaft with a fixed transverse bar at the end, which hooks on to the two collars, screws into the iron socket, and can thus be made the length required. The load is placed upon a double pack-saddle, which rests upon the centre of the frame. Its weight, of course, thus presses almost entirely upon the central wheel, the two sides balancing each other, and resting only very slightly upon the backs of the mules, which are able to employ nearly all their strength in drawing the load. At the same time the possibility of "tipping" backwards or forwards is prevented by the leverage of the shaft attached to the collar, just as it is in a two-wheeled cart. The saddle is woven of osier, strengthened by a solid framework of bent wood. The lower part of this frame-work is made to slip over the frame containing the single wheel, which it exactly fits, and to which it is fastened when placed on the backs of the mules standing on each side. The traces are hooked on to the saddle (which now forms part of the cart itself), and the transverse bar at the end of the shaft being hooked on to the collar, the whole operation does not occupy more



NIGHT INSTRUCTIONS FOR SENTRIES OVER THE BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRETORIA, WITH PLAN OF PRISON.

Supplied by Private W. E. Carthew, 16th Lancers.

than a few moments. The load is generally placed in a kind of howdah (korzina), fitting on and attached to the saddle. This is also made of osier and hard wood, and varies in form according to the nature of the wood, ammunition, forage, etc. It has been found that far more than a double load can thus be conveyed by a pair of mules for longer distances and with much less fatigue than when loaded singly. Besides serving for the rapid transport of ammunition and military stores, the same system is adopted for the conveyance of light mountain-guns, which are thus often brought into positions which they could not otherwise reach without great delay.

OUR CHINESE PICTURES.

The crisis in China, which is surely the longest crisis that ever was, and may almost be called a chronic crisis by this time, continues to afford to artists many picturesque scenes. Everything in the Far East is a picture ready at hand, and the prevailing costume is an accessory all in keeping with the scenery, the architecture, and the other accessories of town and country life. "A Japanese Infantryman," as shown in one of our Illustrations, is European in his uniform, in his accoutrements, even in the handling of his cigarette. A "Boxer," as might be supposed, is more to the native manner dressed. He avoids even an appearance of devilry in his clothes. Mr. Caton Woodville's large picture, "Examina-



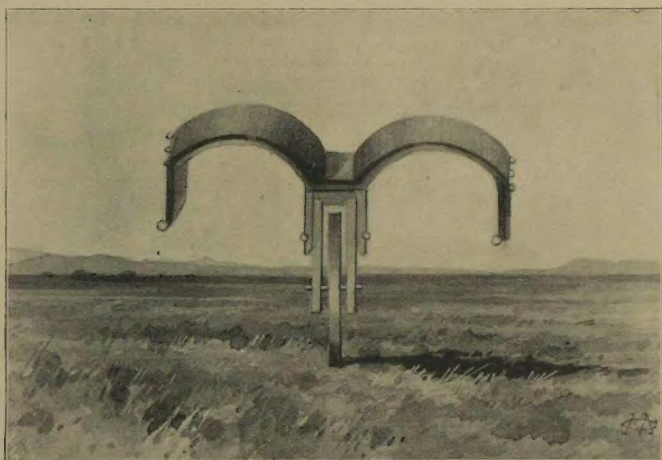
THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CAGE IN THE NATIVE CITY, SHANGHAI.

of Chinese troops, and railway construction to the east and south has been resumed. It is also stated that all is now quiet along the Trans-Baikal frontier and the section of the railway which runs to the north-west of Manchuria. That the Russians regard their responsibilities in this region very seriously may be gathered from the fact that already four Siberian army corps are on a war footing, besides special troops in course of formation.

In the refined torture of the cage the victim is supported by his neck, with his feet just touching the ground. Chung King, on the Yangtse Kiang, from which foreigners are to be expelled, and a typical Chinese road near Shanhaikwan, conclude our Illustrations. Chung King stands on a rocky promontory at the junction of the Kialing with the Yangtse. Of its nine gates, eight open upon one or other of the rivers in question. Opposite to Chung King, on the Kialing, stands Kiang-peiting, or Chiang-pei, otherwise called Li-ming. The town is really the port of the wealthy province of Suchwan, the Viceroy of which has in an edict ordered the expulsion of foreigners. Including that of the suburbs, the population of Chung King amounts to 700,000.

THE CHINESE ALLIGATOR.

From time immemorial there has been much confusion in the popular mind between alligators and crocodiles. And in spite of the circumstance



THE NEW SINGLE-WHEELED RUSSIAN MILITARY CART, WITH PACK-SADDLES FIXED (FRONT VIEW).



THE NEW SINGLE-WHEELED RUSSIAN MILITARY CART (SIDE VIEW).

tion of Russian Workmen before a Manchurian District Mandarin," is a frontier episode in which no suggestion of drama is missed, particularly in the attitude and bearing of the most important figure, who is neither the Mandarin nor the Northerner, but the Man with the Sword. He stands for tragedy now more than ever, when so many European lives still tremble—if that is the word for so bold a company—in the balance, where they can tremble but little longer. One way or the other, their fate must be sealed; for on August 6, Sir Claude MacDonald sent a message which described the condition of the Legations as again desperate, and the food-supply as of only ten days' further duration. The Russians are vigorously prosecuting their campaign in Manchuria. The district of Harbin has been cleared



SKATING RINK AT PEKING CLUB, BURNT DOWN BY THE BOXERS.

that till a comparatively recent date the North American alligator was the only known representative of the group, yet the name was, and is, persistently misapplied to the broad-snouted crocodiles of India. Curiously enough, however, just twenty years ago naturalists became acquainted with the fact of the existence of a second species of alligator in the Yangtse-Kiang; thus disproving the old assertion that alligators were exclusively an American product, like turkeys.

Although we are in the habit of speaking glibly of crocodiles and alligators, it may be taken for granted that comparatively few of us could state off-hand the differences between these two groups of reptiles. Etymologically speaking, there is, indeed, no real reason why the name alligator should be restricted to one of these ungainly

saurians more than to another, as it is merely a corruption of the Spanish term—*una lagarta*—for any lizard. Since, however, this term was applied by the Spanish conquerors of North America to the great saurian of the Mississippi, the corrupted name has ever since been taken as the special title of that particular reptile, as distinct from a crocodile.

In common with their South American relatives the caimans, alligators are best distinguished from crocodiles by the circumstance that both the first and the fourth lower tooth are generally received into complete pits (instead of notches) in the upper jaw, and are therefore concealed when the mouth is shut. Again, there are as

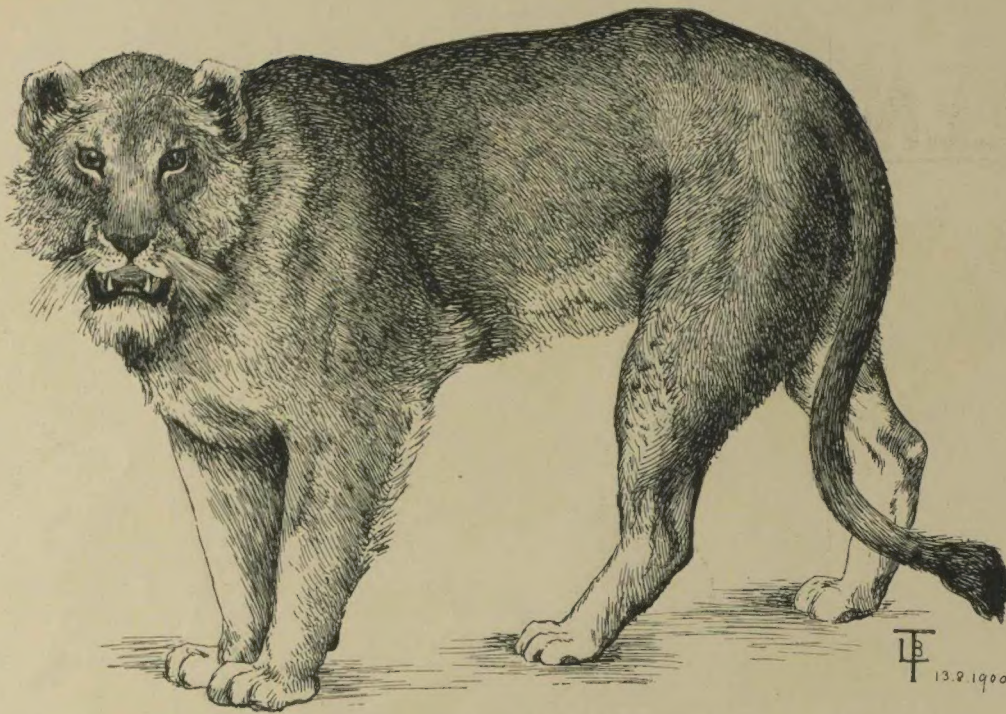
many as from seventeen to twenty upper, and from seventeen to twenty-two lower teeth in the mouth of an alligator or a caiman; whereas in a crocodile there are never more than nineteen pairs of upper teeth, while the number in the lower jaw is limited to fifteen. An essential distinction between an alligator and a caiman is that the latter has a thick bony armour on both the upper and the lower surface of the body. In crocodiles and the North American alligator the under surface is indeed totally unprotected by such a bony armour; but in the Chinese alligator thin

remnants of such bony plates remain, the species thus being in this respect intermediate between its cousin of the Mississippi and the caimans of South America.

Besides differences in regard to the number of the teeth and the arrangement of the scales on the back, the alligator of the Yangtse-Kiang also differs from the Mississippi species by its inferior dimensions. Although little is known of the habits and mode of life of the former species, they are probably very similar to those of its American relative. Fish forms the main staple of the

diet of the last-named reptile; but it is quite evident that the terrible teeth with which its jaws are armed were intended also to hold larger prey. And, as a matter of fact, many an unfortunate dog, sheep, goat, deer, or even horse, that comes to drink at an alligator-infested pool is seized by the vice-like jaws and dragged headlong beneath the water. During flood-times the Mississippi alligators leave the main stream to take up their abode in the flooded lands, where they live almost exclusively on fish until the subsidence of the floods.

R. LYDEKKER.



KRUGER'S LIONESS, NOW AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The lioness presented by Mr. Rhodes to Mr. Kruger, and declined by the President, has now arrived at the Zoological Gardens, and is attracting many visitors. The lioness has not had her tail shortened, as report averred, but her ears have been trimmed.

INTERNATIONAL GREETINGS.

We have received from Mr. John Schonberg, our

Special Artist who is proceeding to the seat of war in China, a drawing illustrating an international incident of the voyage. At Suez, the German steamer *Prinz Heinrich*, on board which our Artist is sailing, came alongside H.M.S. *Highflyer*. The German ship's band played "God Save the Queen," and both crews cheered lustily. The English sailors, Mr. Schonberg says, made by far the greater noise. The passengers generally joined in the ovation, waving their hats and caps as the band struck up the British National Anthem.



INTERNATIONAL COURTESY ON THE WAY TO CHINA: THE GERMAN STEAMER "PRINZ HEINRICH" GREETING H.M.S. "HIGHFLYER" WITH THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM AT SUEZ.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schonberg.

The Would-Be-Goods

By
E. Nesbit

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.

THE PERILS OF THE DEEP.

WHEN we were sent down into the country to learn to be better children, we felt it was rather good business, because we knew our being sent there was only to get us out of the way for a little while, and we knew right enough that it wasn't a punishment, though our parlour-maid said it was; because we had been punished thoroughly for taking the stuffed animals out and making a jungle on the lawn with them and the garden hose. And you cannot be punished twice for the same offence. This is the English law; at least, I think so. And, at any rate, no one would punish you three times; and we had had the malacca cane and the solitary confinement, and our old Uncle had kindly explained to us that all ill-feeling between him and us was wiped out entirely by the bread and water we had endured. And what with the bread and water and being prisoners, and not being able to tame any mice in our prisons, we quite felt that we had suffered it up thoroughly; and now we could start fair.

There are six of us Bastables, Dora, Oswald, Dickie, Alice, Noel, and H. O.—his name is Horace Octavius, but the other is shorter, and like the advertisement. Dora is goodish; Oswald is modest, so I will say no more about his merits; Dickie is common-sense; Alice and Noel are twins, and Noel is a poet; and H. O. is young enough to wear socks instead of stockings. Daisy and Denny are the white-mouse-like children of a friend of father's, a very nice man we once took for a robber—and they were staying with us when we went into the country. One of us tells the story. I will not say which one. Albert's uncle

is the uncle of Albert, a muff who used to live next door to us once. All this is dull, but it will be better later on if you know quite clearly who we are.

I think, too, that descriptions of places are generally dull, but I have sometimes thought that was because the authors do not tell you what you want to know. However, dull or not, here goes, because you won't understand anything, unless I tell you what the place was like.

The Moat House was the place we went to stay at: there had been a house there since Saxon times. It is a manor, and a manor goes on having a house on it, whatever happens. The Moat House was burnt down once or twice, but they always built a new one; and Cromwell's soldiers smashed it about, but it was patched up again. It's a very old house: the front door opens straight into the dining-room, and there are red curtains and a black-and-white marble floor like a chess-board. There's a secret staircase, only it is not secret now; only rather rickety. It is not very big, but there is a moat all round it, with a brick bridge than leads to the front door, and another to the back door. Then the other side of the moat there is the farm with barns and oast-houses, and stables, or things like that. And the other way the garden

lawn goes on till it comes to the churchyard. The churchyard is not divided from the houses at all except by a little grass bank. In the front of the house there is more garden, and the orchard is at the back.

The man the house belonged to liked new houses, and he had built a big one with conservatories and a stable with a clock in a turret on the top: so he let the Moat House.

And my father and Albert's uncle took it. And he was to come down sometimes from Saturday to Monday, and Albert's uncle was to live with us all the time, and he would be writing a book, and we were not to bother him, but he would give an eye to us. I hope all this is plain. I have said it as short as I can.

We got down rather late, but there was still light enough to see the big bell hanging at the top of the



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"Now then, my hear-ies, pull together, pull with a will!"

house. The rope belonging to it went right down the house through our bed-room to the dining-room. H. O. saw the rope, and pulled it while he was washing his hands for supper; and Dickie and I let him, and the bell tolled solemnly. Father shouted to him not to, and we went down to supper. But presently there were many feet tramping on the gravel, and father went out to see. When he came back he said—

"The whole village, or half of it, has come up to see why the bell rang. It's only rung for fire or burglars. Why can't you kids let things alone?"

Albert's uncle said—

"Bed follows supper as the fruit follows the flower. They'll do no more mischief to-night, Sir; to-morrow I will point out a few of the things to be avoided in this bucolic retreat."

So it was bed directly after supper, and that was why we did not see much that night.

But in the morning we were all up rather early, and we seemed to have awakened in a new world, rich in surprises, "beyond the dreams of Anybody," as it says in the quotation.

We went everywhere we could; but when it was breakfast-time, we felt we had not seen half or a quarter. The room we had breakfast in was exactly like in a story: black oak panels, and china in corner cupboards with glass doors. These doors were locked. There were green curtains, and honeycomb for breakfast. After brekker my father went back to town, and Albert's uncle went too, to see publishers. We saw them to the station, and father gave us a long list of what we were to do. It began with, "Don't pull ropes unless you are quite sure what will happen at the other end." And it finished with, "For goodness' sake try to keep out of mischief till I come down on Saturday." There were lots of other things in between. We all promised we would, and we saw them off, and waved till the train was quite out of sight. Then we started to walk home. Daisy was tired, so Oswald carried her home on his back. When we got home she said—

"I do like you, Oswald."

She's not a bad little kid, and Oswald felt it was his duty to be nice to her because she was a visitor. Then we looked all over everything. It was a glorious place. You didn't know where to begin.

We were all a little tired before we found the hayloft; but we pulled ourselves together to make a fort with the trusses of hay—great square things—and had a jolly good time all of us.

Then we turned the handle of the chaff-cutting machine, and nobody got hurt. And then we sat down on the floor, which is dirty with the nice clean dirt that is more than half chopped hay, and those of us there was room for hung our legs down out of the top door, and we looked down at the farmyard, which is very sloshy when you get down into it, but most interesting.

Then Alice said—

"Now we are all here, and the boys are tired enough to sit still for a minute, I want to have a council."

We said, "What about?" And she said, "I'll tell you. H. O., don't wriggle so; sit on my frock if the straws tickle your legs."

You see, he wears socks—and so he can never be quite so comfortable as anyone else.

"Promise not to laugh," Alice said, getting very red and looking at Dora, who got red too.

We did, and then she said—

"Dora and I have talked this over, and Daisy too, and we have written it down because it is easier than saying it. Shall I read it? Or will you, Dora?"

Dora said it didn't matter, Alice might; so Alice read it, and though she gabbled a bit, we all heard it. I copied it afterwards. This is what she read—

"New Society for Being Good."

"I, Dora Bastable, and Alice Bastable, my sister, being of sound mind and body when we were shut up with bread and water on that Jungle-day. We thought a great deal about our sins, and we made our minds up to be good for ever after. And we talked to Daisy about it, and she had an idea. So we want to start a society for being good in. It is Daisy's idea, but we think so too—"

"You know," Dora interrupted, "when people want to do good things they always make a society. There are thousands; there's the Missionary Society."

"Yes," Alice said, "and the Society for the Prevention of something or other, and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, and the S.P.G."

"What's S.P.G.?" Oswald asked.

"Society for the Propagation of the Jews, of course," said Noel, who cannot always spell.

"Oh, do let me go on," Alice said.

We let her, and she did.

"We propose to get up a society with a chairman and a treasurer and a secretary, and keep a minute-book saying what we've done. If that doesn't make us good, it won't be my fault."

"The aim of the society is nobleness and goodness, and great and unselfish deeds. We wish not to be such a nuisance to grown-up people, and to perform prodigies of real goodness. We wish to spread our wings"—here Alice read very fast; she told me afterwards Daisy had helped her with that part, and she thought when she came to the wings they sounded rather silly—"to spread our wings and soar above the kind of interesting things that you ought not to do, but to do kindnesses to all, however low and mean."

Denny was listening carefully. Now he nodded three or four times. He said—

"Little words of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make this earth an eagle,
Like the one above."

This didn't sound right, but we let it pass, because an eagle does have wings, and we wanted to hear the rest of what the girls had written. But there was no rest.

"That's all," said Alice.

And Daisy said: "Don't you think it a good idea?"

"That depends," Oswald said, "who is President, and what you mean by being good."

Oswald did not care very much for the idea himself, because being good is not the sort of thing he thinks it proper to talk about, especially before strangers. But the

girls and Denny seemed to like it, so Oswald did not exactly say what he thought, especially as it was Daisy's idea. This was true politeness.

"I think it would be nice," Noel said, "if we made it a sort of play. Let's do 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'"

We talked about that for some time, but it didn't come to anything, because we all wanted to be Mr. Greathart, except H. O., who wanted to be the Lions; and you could not have Lions in a Society for Goodness.

Dickie said he didn't wish to play if it meant reading books about children who die. He really felt just as Oswald did about it; he told me so afterwards. But the girls were looking as if they were in a Sunday school, and we did not wish to be unkind.

At last Oswald said: "Well, let's draw up the rules of the Society, and choose the President, and settle the name."

Dora said Oswald should be President, and he modestly consented. She was Secretary, and Denny Treasurer, if we ever had any money.

Making the rules took us all the afternoon. They were these—

RULES.

1. Every member is to be as good as possible.
2. There is to be no more jaw than necessary about being good. [Oswald and Dickie put that rule in.]
3. No day must pass without our doing some kind action to a suffering fellow-creature.
4. We are to meet every day, or as often as we like.
5. We are to do good to people we don't like as often as we can.
6. No one is to leave the Society without the consent of all the rest of us.
7. The Society is to be kept a profound secret from all the world, except us.
8. The name of the Society is—

And when we got as far as that, we all began to talk at once. Dora wanted it called the Society for Humane Improvement.

Denny said the Society for Reformed Children; but Dickie said, No, we were really not so bad as all that. Then H. O. said—

"Call it the Good Society."

"Or the Society for Being Good," said Daisy.

"Or the Society of Goods," said Noel.

"That's priggish," said Oswald; "besides we don't know whether we shall be, so very."

"You see," Alice explained, "we only said if we could we would be good."

"Well, then," Dickie said, getting up and beginning to dust himself, "call it the Society of the Would-be-Goods, and have done with it."

Oswald thinks Dickie was sick of it, and wanted to make himself a little disagreeable. If so, he was doomed to disappointment. For everyone else clapped hands and called out, "That's the very thing."

Then the girls went off to write out the rules, and took H. O. with them, and Noel went to write some poetry to put in the minute-book. That's what you call the book that a society's secretary writes what it does in. Denny went with him to help. He knows a lot of poetry. I think he went to a lady's school, where they taught nothing but that. He was rather shy of us, but he took to Noel. I can't think why. Dickie and Oswald walked round the garden, and told each other what they thought of the society.

"I'm not sure we oughtn't to have put our foot down at the beginning," Dickie said. "I don't see much in it, anyhow."

"It pleases the girls," Oswald said, for he is a kind brother.

"But we are not going to stand jaw, and 'words in season,' and 'loving sisterly warnings.' I tell you what it is, Oswald; we'll have to run this thing our way, or it'll be jolly beastly for everybody."

Oswald saw this plainly.

"We must do something," Dickie said; "it's very hard, though. Still, there must be some interesting things that are not wrong."

"I suppose so," Oswald said; "but being good is so much like being a muff generally. Anyhow, I'm not going to smooth the pillows of the sick, or read to the aged poor, or any rot out of 'Ministering Children.'"

"No, more am I," Dickie said. He was chewing a straw. "But I suppose we must play the game fair. Let's begin by looking out for something useful to do—something like mending things and cleaning them, not just showing off."

"The boys in books chop kindling-wood, and save their pennies to buy tea and tracks."

"Little beasts," said Dickie. "I say, let's talk about something else." And Oswald was glad to, for he was beginning to feel jolly uncomfortable.

We were all rather quiet at tea, and afterwards Oswald played draughts with Daisy, and the others yawned. I don't know when we had such a gloomy evening. And everyone was horribly polite, and said "Please" and "Thank you" far more than requisite.

Albert's uncle came home after tea. He was jolly and told us stories, but he noticed we were a little dull, and asked what blight had fallen on our young lives. Oswald could have answered and said: "It is the Society of the Would-be-Goods that is the blight," but of course he didn't. And Albert's uncle said no more; but he went up and kissed the girls when they were in bed, and asked them if there was anything wrong. And they told him no, on their honour.

The next morning Oswald awoke early. The refreshing beams of the morning sun shone on his little white bed and on the sleeping forms of his dear little brothers, and Denny, who had got the pillow on top of his head, and was snoring like a kettle when it sings. Oswald could not remember at first what was the matter with him, and then he remembered the Would-be-Goods, and wished he hadn't. He felt at first as if there was nothing you could do, and even hesitated to buzz a pillow at Denny's head. But he soon saw that this could not be. So he chucked his boot and caught Denny right in the waistcoat part, and thus the day began more brightly than he had dared to expect.

Oswald had not done anything out-of-the-way good the night before, except that when no one was looking he polished the brass candlestick in the girls' bed-room with

one of his socks; and he might just as well have let it alone, for the servants cleaned it again with the other things in the morning. There were two servants. One of them had to be called Mrs. Pettigrew, instead of Jane and Eliza, like others. She was cook, and managed things.

After breakfast, Albert's uncle said—

"I now seek the retirement of my study. At your peril violate my privacy before 1.30 sharp. Nothing short of bloodshed will warrant the intrusion, and nothing short of man, or rather boy-slaughter shall avenge it."

So we knew he wanted to be quiet, and the girls decided that we ought to play out of doors so as not to disturb him. We should have played out of doors anyhow, on a jolly fine day like that.

But as we were going out Dickie said to Oswald—

"I say, come along here a minute, will you?"

So Oswald came along, and Dickie took him into the other parlour, and Oswald said—

"Well, spit it out—what is it?" He knows that is vulgar, and he would not have said it to anyone but his own brother.

Dickie said—

"It's a pretty fair nuisance, and I told you how it would be."

And Oswald was patient with him, and said—

"What is? Don't be all day about it."

Dickie fidgeted about a bit, and then he said—

"Well, I did as I said. I looked about for something useful to do. And you know that dairy window that wouldn't open—only a little bit like that—well, I mended the catch with wire and whiplod, and it opened wide."

"And I suppose they didn't want it mended," said Oswald. He knows but too well that grown-up people sometimes like to keep things far different from what we would, and you catch it if you try to do otherwise.

"I shouldn't have minded that," Dickie said, "because I could have taken it all off again if they'd only said so. But the sillies went and propped up a milk-pan against the window. They never took the trouble to notice I had mended it. So the wretched thing pushed the window open directly they propped it up, and it's tumbled through into the moat, and they are awfully waxy. All the men are out in the fields, and they haven't any spare pans. If I were a farmer, I must say I wouldn't stick at an extra milk-pan or two. Accidents must happen sometimes. I call it mean."

Dickie spoke in savage tones, but Oswald was not so unhappy—first, because it wasn't his fault, and next, because he is a far-seeing boy.

"Never mind," he said kindly, "keep your tail up; we'll get the beastly milk-pan out all right. Come on."

He rushed hastily to the garden, and gave a low significant whistle, which the others knew well enough to mean something extra being up.

And when they were all gathered round him he spoke—

"Fellow-countrymen," he said, "we're going to have a rousing good time."

"It's nothing naughty?" the White Mouse Girl asked, "like the last time you had that was rousing good—"

Alice said "Sh!" and Oswald pretended not to hear.

"A precious treasure," he said, "has inadvertently been laid low in the moat by one of us."

"The rotten thing tumbled in itself," Dickie said.

Oswald waved his hand and said, "Anyhow, it's there, so it's our duty to restore it to its sorrowing owners. I say, look here, we are going to drag the moat."

Everyone brightened up at this. It was our duty, and it was interesting, too. This is very uncommon.

So we went out to where the orchard is, at the other side of the moat. There were green apples on the trees, but we did not take any till we had asked if we might. Alice went and asked. Mrs. Pettigrew said, "Lor! I suppose so; you'd eat 'em anyhow, leave or no leave."

She little knows the nature of the house of Bastable. But she has much to learn.

The orchard sloped gently down to the dark waters of the moat. We sat there in the sun, and talked about dragging the moat, till Denny said—

"How do you drag a moat?"

And we were speechless, because though we had read many times about moats being dragged for missing heirs and lost wills, we really had never thought about how it was done.

"Grappling irons are right, I believe," Denny said; "but I don't suppose they'd have any at the farm."

And we asked, and found they had never even heard of them. I think myself he meant some other word, but he was quite positive.

So then we got a sheet off Oswald's bed, and we all took our shoes and stockings off, and we tried to see if the sheet would drag the bottom of the moat, which is shallow at that end. But it would keep floating on the top of the water, and when we tried sewing stones into one end of it, it stuck on something at the bottom, and when we got it up it was torn. We were very sorry, and the sheet was in an awful mess; but the girls said they were sure they could wash it in the basin in their room, and we thought as we had torn it, anyway, we might as well go on.

"No human being," Noel said, "knows half the treasures hidden in this dark tarn."

And we decided we would drag a bit more at that end, and work gradually round to under the dairy window, where the milk-pan was. We could not see that part very well, because of the bushes that grow between the cracks of the stones where the house goes down into the moat. And opposite the dairy window the barn goes straight down into the moat too. It is like pictures of Venice, but you cannot get opposite the dairy window anyhow.

We got the sheet down again, when we had tied the torn parts together in a bunch with string, and Oswald was just saying—

"Now, then, my hearties, pull together, pull with a will! One, two, three," when suddenly Dora dropped her bit of the sheet with a piercing shriek, and cried out—

"Oh, it's all wormy at the bottom. I felt them wriggle"—and she was out of the water almost before the words were out of her mouth. The other girls scuttled out too, and they let the sheet go in such a hurry that we had no time to steady ourselves, and one of us went right in—and the rest got wet up to our waistbands. The one who went right in was only H. O., but Dora made an awful fuss and said it was our fault.

We told her what we thought—and it ended in the girls

going in with H. O. to change his things. We had some blackcurrants while they were gone.

Dora was in an awful wax when she went away, but she is not of a sullen disposition, though sometimes hasty; and when they all came back we saw it was all right, so we said—

"What shall we do now?"

Alice said, "I don't think we need drag any more; it is wormy, I felt it when Dora did. And, besides, the milk-pan is sticking a bit of itself out of the water. I saw it through the dairy window."

"Couldn't we get it up with fish-hooks?" Noël said. But Alice explained that the dairy was now locked up and the key taken out.

So then Oswald said—

"Look here, we'll make a raft. We should have to do it some time; and we might as well do it now. I saw an old door in that corner stable that they don't use. You know, the one where they chop the wood."

We got the door.

We had never made a raft, any of us—but the way to make rafts is better described in books, so we knew what to do.

We found some nice little tubs stuck up on the fence of the farm garden, and nobody seemed to want them for anything just then—so we took them. The White Mouse Boy had a box of tools someone had given him for his last birthday: they were rather rotten little things, but the gimlet worked all right, so we managed to make holes in the edges of the tubs, and fasten them with string under

middle and hold on to each other to keep steady. Then we christened our gallant vessel. We called it *Richard*, after Dickie, and also after the splendid admiral who used to eat wine-glasses, and died after the battle of the *Revenge* in Tennyson's poetry.

Then those on shore waved a fond adieu as well as they could with the dampness of their handkerchiefs, which we had had to use to dry our legs and feet when we put on our stockings for dinner; and slowly and stately the ship moved away from shore, riding on the waves as though they were her native element. We kept her going with the hop-poles, and we kept her steady in the same way, but we could not always keep her steady enough, and we could not always keep her in the wind's eye. That is to say, she went where we did not want; and once she bumped her corner against the barn wall, and all the crew had to sit down suddenly to avoid falling overboard into a watery grave. Of course, then the waves swept her decks, and when we got up again we saw that we should have to change completely before tea.

But we pressed on undaunted, and at last our saucy craft came into port under the dairy window, and there was the milk-pan, for whose sake we had endured such hardships and privations, standing up on its edge quite quietly.

The girls did not wait for orders from the Captain, as they ought to have done. But they cried out, "Oh, here it is!" and then both reached out to get it.

Anyone who has pursued a naval career will see that of

Of course, we knew it could not be a shark or a crocodile; but I thought of pikes, who are large and cruel fish, and I caught hold of Dora, who screamed without stopping.

I shoved her along to where there was a ledge of brick-work, and shoved her up till she could sit on it. Then she got her foot out of water, still screaming.

It was indeed terrible. The thing she thought was a shark came up with her foot, and it was a horrid, jagged old meat-tin, and she had put her foot right into it. Oswald got it off, and directly he did so, blood began to run from the wounds. The tin edges had cut it in several spots. It was very pale blood, because her foot was wet, of course.

She stopped screaming and turned green, and I thought she was going to faint, like Daisy did.

Oswald held her up as well as he could; but it really was one of the least agreeable moments in his life. For the raft was gone, and she couldn't have waded back anyway, and we didn't know how deep the moat might be in other places.

But Mrs. Pettigrew had not been idle. She is not a bad sort really.

Just as Oswald was wondering whether he could swim after the raft and get it back, a boat's nose shot out from under a dark archway a little further up under the house. It was the boat-house, and Albert's uncle had got the punt and took us back in it.

There was but little said to us that day. We were sent to bed—those who had not been on the raft the same as the



Dora and Alice were rising from the deep with their hair all plastered over their faces.

the four corners of the old door. This took us a long time. Albert's uncle asked us at dinner what we had been playing at, and we said it was a secret, and it was nothing wrong. You see we wished to atone for Dickie's mistake before anything more was said. The house has no windows in that side that faces the orchard.

The rays of the afternoon sun were beaming along the orchard grass when at last we launched the raft. She floated out beyond reach with the last shove of the launching. But Oswald waded out and towed her back; he is not afraid of worms. Yet if he had known of the other things that were in the bottom of that moat, he would have kept his boots on. So would the others—especially Dora, as you will see.

At last the gallant craft rode upon the waves; we manned her—though not up to our full strength—because if more than four got on it, the water came up too near our knees, and we feared she might founder if overmanned.

The White Mice did not want to go on it, so that was all right. And as H. O. had been wet through once he was not very keen. Alice promised Noël her best paintbrush if he'd give up and not go, because Noël does catch cold so, and we knew well that the voyage was fraught with deep dangers—though the exact danger that lay in wait for us under the dairy window we never even thought of.

So we four elder ones got on the raft very carefully, and even then, every time we moved, the water swished up over the raft and wet our feet. But I must say it was a jolly decent raft.

Dickie was Captain, because it was his adventure. We had hop-poles from the hop-garden beyond the orchard to punt with. We made the girls stand together in the

course the raft capsized. For a moment it felt like standing on the roof of the house; and the next moment the ship stood up on end and shot the whole crew into the dark waters.

We boys can swim all right. Oswald has swum three times across the Ladywell Swimming-Baths at the shallow end, and Dickie is nearly as good; but just then we did not think of this, though, of course, if the water had been deep, we should have.

As soon as Oswald could get the muddy water out of his eyes, he opened them on a horrid scene.

Dickie was standing up to his shoulders in the inky waters; the raft had righted itself, and was drifting gently away towards the front of the house where the bridge is, and Dora and Alice were rising from the deep with their hair all plastered over their faces—like Venus in the "Heathen Gods."

There was a great noise of splashing. And besides that, a feminine voice looking out of the dairy window and screaming, "Lord love the children!"

It was Mrs. Pettigrew. She disappeared at once, and we were sorry we were in such a situation that she would be able to get at Albert's uncle before we could. (Afterwards we were not so sorry.)

Before a word could be spoken about our desperate position Dora staggered a little in the water, and suddenly shrieked: "Oh—my foot! Oh, it's a shark! I know it is, or a crocodile."

The others on the bank could hear her shrieking, but they could not see us properly—they did not know what was happening. Noël told me afterwards he never could cure for that paintbrush.

others, for they owned up all right, and Albert's uncle is the soul of justice. It was partly to keep us from getting cold, I believe, too.

Next day was Saturday, and father gave us a talking to, with other things.

The worst, though, was on Sunday, when Dora couldn't get her shoe on—so they sent for the doctor. And Dora had to lie down for ever so long. It was indeed poor luck.

When the doctor had gone, Alice said to me—

"It is hard lines, but Dora's very jolly about it. Daisy's been telling her about how we should all go to her with our little joys and sorrows and things, and about the sweet influence from a sick-bed that can be felt all over the house—like in 'What Katy Did'—and Dora said she hoped she might prove a blessing to us all while she's laid up."

Oswald said he hoped so; but he was not pleased. Because this sort of jaw was exactly the sort of thing he and Dickie didn't want to have happen.

The thing we got it hottest for was those little tubs off the garden railings. They turned out to be butter-tubs, that had been put out there to sweeten.

But, as Denny said, after the mud in the moat, not all the perfumes of somewhere or other could make them fit to use for butter again.

I own this was rather a bad business. Yet we did not do it to please ourselves, but because it was our duty. But that made no difference to our punishment when father came down. I have known this mistake occur before.

THE END.

CAPTURED BY DE WET: THE YEOMANRY HOSPITAL TAKEN AT ROODEVAL BY THE BOERS.

Photographs by Mr. Archie L. Langman, of the Langman Hospital.



ROODEVAL STATION, SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE BY SHELL AND FIRE.



SHELLS NEAR ROODEVAL STATION.



BOERS LOOTING AT ROODEVAL STATION.



LORD METHUEN INSPECTING THE WOUNDED.



THE SURRENDER OF THE YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL: HOISTING THE WHITE FLAG.

A sealer was tied to a rifle in token of capitulation.



THE PET MONKEY OF THE 4th DERBYSHIRES, CAPTURED AT ROODEVAL.

CAPTURED BY DE WET: SCENES IN THE GUERILLA LEADER'S CAMP.

Photographs by Mr. Archie L. Langman, of the Langman Hospital.



MRS. DE WET'S HOUSE ON WHEELS.



IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: MASTER DE WET.



DE WET IN PROFILE.



MAJOR STONHAM, OF THE YEOMANRY HOSPITAL, INTERVIEWING DE WET, WITH SECRETARY DU TOIT AND MR. STEYN, A RELATIVE OF THE EX-PRESIDENT.



MAJOR STONHAM, DE WET (SEATED ON RIGHT), AND OTHER BURGHERS.



GENERAL DE WET TAKING COFFEE.

The General (wearing black glasses) is seated in the centre. His secretary, Da Tilt, is in front. On the right sits Mr. Steyn.

THE CAPTURE OF HARRISMITH.

A fortnight ago the good news came from Lord Roberts that Harrismith had been captured by General Hector MacDonald, and that the surrounding country was quiet. There seems a fitness of things in the added news that the railway communication from Natal is intact as far as Harrismith, which town in former times was the terminus, in the Orange Free State, of the line from Ladysmith. Husband and wife, Sir Harry Smith and the Spanish Lady he romantically married, are, therefore, once more united upon the map by a liberated line of rail. The town lies 127 miles north-west of Pietermaritzburg, and is a train journey of 220 miles from Durban. The name-giver of the town was born at Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire, in 1788. His distinguished military career included service at Waterloo. In 1827 he proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, and was in command of a division throughout the Kaffir War of 1834. Five years later he went to India as Adjutant-General, and was present at the battles of Gwalior and Maharajpore, receiving for his gallantry the Knight Commandership of the Bath. Subsequent services in India won him a Baronetcy, the recorded gratitude of both Houses of Parliament, and, what he valued even more highly, the special thanks of the Duke of Wellington. In 1847 Sir Harry was nominated Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. As Commander-in-Chief—a title which Sir Alfred Milner holds to-day, and which Sir Harry Smith both held and made good in action—he defeated the rebel Boers at Boom Plots in 1848. Three years later, while the Kaffir War raged, he was superseded, and he died in London in the October of 1860. The



ALMON'S PASS: THE BOERS' LAST POSITION IN NATAL.

SKETCH BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL COPE.

The pass was gallantly captured from 5500 Boers by the 10th (Coke's) Brigade, the 2nd Battalion Dorset Regiment winning special distinction. The enemy, on losing the pass, hastily evacuated their strong entrenchments on Laing's Nek, and finally quitted Natal.



HARRISMITH, ORANGE FREE STATE, CAPTURED BY MACDONALD ON AUGUST 4.

The View includes Harrismith Court-house.

fortieth anniversary of his death has just such commemoration as Sir Harry Smith would have most desired—the mention of his name in connection with a town that has been added to the Empire.

CRONJE IN RETIREMENT.

Prisoners in Pretoria had one great advantage over prisoners in St. Helena—they were supplied with prompt news. It was not always an enemy who did this, though Mr. Winston Churchill and others have given favourable accounts of the good-nature of their guards. Even Boers are not free from a human tenderness towards gossip. Friendly British residents, or residents very friendly to Britishers, were to be found in the vicinity of the iron fencing that surrounded the captives; and no news of a British success in South Africa reached the town without being at once communicated to that portion of the population which was longing to hear it. In St. Helena affairs are a little different. General Cronje does not quite know how things go with the army that he once gallantly led. To announce reverses might not be much of a kindness after all; and by slow degrees papers reach him from the Transvaal that tell him a good deal more than he wants to know. If he suffers from news-hunger, he has at least his compensations. In Pretoria the prisoners had no wives with them; not always a chaplain. The Boer General has both the one and the other. He has a climate, too, that presents many advantages over that of the capital of the Transvaal; and a fine climate, as a great Prime Minister once remarked, is a fair set-off

against the British Constitution; and that, by the way, was said in the good old days, before Prime Ministers had found so much to boggle at in the British Constitution. A recently returned traveller has brought home reports of winds and skies and flowers at St. Helena which make us suppose that it has sometimes been a much maligned island. Naturally, in France it has the worst of reputations, and President Kruger is said to have taken his impressions, in this solitary instance, from Paris. That it is 1700 miles away from Cape Town is another serious drawback to the island in the view of the Boer, who comes of a home-loving and home-staying race. The ruin of an extinct volcano is one of the features of the island, and it seems to be symbolic. The destiny of the old-time prisoner of Longwood seems to be somehow recalled; and to that ancient memory must be joined to-day by General Cronje the regret for other and more recently vanished visions of empire. In our reproduction of a late photograph taken at St. Helena, the General appears in guise very different from that associated with the great prisoner, his predecessor. The General's hat worn by Napoleon at St. Helena in Haydon's and other popular pictures is not historic. The high wind on those rocks, two thousand feet above the sea, would not flatter the fashion. General Cronje's regulation Boer wideawake is quite in keeping with the climate and with the rest of his garb—that of a civilian. Quite in keeping, too, with his serious character is the comrade beside him—his chaplain, Mr. Albertyn. The Albertyns, man and wife, accompanied the Cronjes, man and wife, to the island when the days of long but not unrelieved captivity began.

General Cronje.

Mrs. Albertyn.



Mrs. Cronje.

Mr. Albertyn, Chaplain.

Photo. G. J. F. Grant.

CRONJE IN RETIREMENT: THE LATEST GROUP AT ST. HELENA.

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.



CHARLES RUSSELL, BARON OF KILLOWEN.

From a hitherto unpublished picture by J. S. Sargent, R.A.



THE COLLISION OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT: THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "BRENNUS," WHICH SUNK A DESTROYER.

On August 11 the "Brennus," which is the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Fournier, came into collision with the torpedo-boat destroyer "La Franche" off Cape St. Vincent and sunk her. All the crew except fourteen were drowned. The "Columbine." Photo, Oulton.



THE FINISH FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP AT COWES ON AUGUST 8. WON BY MR. A. F. FYN'S "COLUMBINE."

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The yachts were becalmed so long that night had fallen before they returned, and they could only be dimly seen from the Squadron Castle when the usual signal was fired.



FORTY BELOW ZERO: A RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT POST IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL.

With the thermometer at 40 below zero, in winter time the Government posts and Cossack colonies in the Trans-Baikal and Eastern Siberia would have a hard time of it without the extra protection of the underground house or dug-out. The roofs rise only slightly above the ground; the main structure beneath is very commodious—nay, sometimes luxuriously furnished and appointed. The dreary winter months are enlivened by all sorts of entertainments, the fierce blast and storms hardly being audible below.



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: EXAMINATION OF RUSSIAN WORKMEN BEFORE A MANCHURIAN DISTRICT MANDARIN.

Drawn by R. Cotton Woodville, R.I.

LITERATURE.

The "Overland" to China. By A. R. Colquhoun. (Harper Brothers. 16s.)
The Campaign of 1815. By W. O'Connor Morris. (London: Richards. 12s. 6d.)
Our Forests and Woodlands. By John Nisbet. (London: Dent and Co. 7s. 6d.)
The Campaign of 1815. Selected and Edited by Theodore H. Kent. D.C.L. (London: Dent and Co.)
The Rise and Fall of Napoleon: A Personal Record of Forty Years in South Africa. By John Soble and H. R. Abernethy. (London: Heinemann. 10s.)
Among the Himalayas. By Major Waddell, I.A.M.C. Second edition. (London: Constable. 16s.)

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, whose "China in Transformation" is now a standard work on all that relates to the Far East, could not have brought out his latest volume, "The 'Overland' to China," at a more opportune moment. In 1898-99 the author was commissioned by the *Times* to visit Siberia and the borderlands of China on the north, and to pass across the latter country from north to south. He made the journey from European Russia to the temporary terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway at Lake Baikal, and thence by the Gobi Desert, in Eastern Mongolia, to Peking, a possible railway route which may yet connect the Chinese capital by a short cut with the administrative and commercial centre of Eastern Siberia. Journeying subsequently through that portion of China which is now of most interest to the British and American peoples, he ascended the Yangtse River as far as its navigation-limit, and from Szechuan proceeded southward by way of the two south-western provinces, Kweichow and Yunnan, to the Red River, completing the journey at Haiphong. Some seven thousand miles were traversed, chiefly overland, the journey being accomplished by means of rail and tarantass, camel, camel-cart, and mule-litter, native Chinese boat and saddle-pony, mule, and sedan-chair. The fact that such a journey—from the Baltic to the Gulf of Tongking—was made, allowing for various sojourns *en route*—within a period of seven months, affords a striking proof of the changes which are in progress, and of the rate at which distances are being annihilated in Asia. Though the work in parts affords heavy reading—as becomes a *Times* correspondent—every page of it is well worth digesting, and we would especially recommend to the general reader—to the reader, that is, fond of artistic word-painting—the three chapters on "Peking: Past and Present." The description of the remarkable spectacle which the surroundings present to the stranger approaching Peking from the north, and consequently through the Nankow pass, for the first time, is admirable—we speak from recent personal experience. The author also portrays in graphic language the filthy aspect of Peking, and the curious fascination which the capital nevertheless exerts by exercising over Europeans, no matter of what nationality. Indeed, he unwittingly endorses the picturesque epigram of a German plenipotentiary who lived there for many years: "You approach Peking in tears," he said, "but you leave it weeping."

In "The Campaign of 1815" Mr. Morris has written a vivid chapter of military history. It should be especially interesting at the present time, when the attention of the public has been directed to questions of strategy and tactics by the war in South Africa. It is not too much to say that a careful reading of Mr. Morris's book would be an education in military science to many of our Volunteers and civilians. One effect of a perusal of the volume is to increase enormously one's appreciation of Napoleon. He was foully treated by the Allies after they sent him to Elba. Funds had been secured to him by a solemn treaty, but they were withheld by the Bourbon Government. The splendid improvements which, with characteristic energy, he was making in his little principality were brought to a standstill for want of means. Meanwhile the army of France was awaiting him. Can it be wondered that he decided to return from Elba and try the great game again? And his purpose was not aggressive. He wrote to the Allied Sovereigns that his aim was nothing more than the peaceful consolidation of France. His letters were unopened, and Europe, in her hate and fear, armed her millions against him. Mr. Morris gives an admirable conspectus of the whole state of affairs leading to Waterloo. He shows very clearly Napoleon's superiority in strategy to every other General but Hannibal, Blücher and Wellington, reckoning on their enormous superiority in numbers, were not expecting an attack in Belgium. They had scattered their troops along a line a hundred miles in length, from Ghent to Liège, with the intention of marching into France. Wellington, on the right, rested on Ostend as his base of supplies; Blücher, on the left, had his ultimate base on Cologne and the Rhine. Thus their centre was the point of their line most weakly defended. Napoleon determined to advance along the main road from Charleroi to Brussels, breaking the Allied forces in the middle; and, when they were thus scattered, to conquer them in detail. It was the plan of a genius, and so well was it carried out that Wellington himself confessed that "Bonaparte's march upon Belgium was the finest thing ever done." As to Waterloo itself, Mr. Morris gives very clear and convincing reasons for everything that happened. Grouchy failed to retard the advancing Prussians and to connect his own with Napoleon's operations, the two things which he had been especially commissioned to do. Then Jérôme Bonaparte converted his feint upon Hougoumont into a serious attack. That was the second blunder. The Emperor had intended the feint upon Hougoumont, on the right, to divert Wellington's attention from La Haye Sainte on the left, which, as the weakest part of the British

line, he determined to crush, and so by turning the enemy's position win the battle. But his brother blundered. The third blunder was d'Erlon's in sending his infantry against La Haye Sainte in heavy unwieldy columns, which broke the moment the British cavalry took them in the flank. The last and worst blunder of all was Ney's in making a furious cavalry assault on Wellington's steady and unbroken centre when he had finally conquered La Haye Sainte, the key of the



Photo, Thomson.
 THE AUTHOR OF "THE 'OVERLAND' TO CHINA."
 MR. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN.

position. The Prussians were already on Napoleon's right, and he meant to repel them before making his final attack on Wellington. And he meant that this attack, when he did make it, should be an hour later, when he could support his cavalry with sixteen infantry battalions and 100 pieces of artillery. But Ney, carried away by his rash bravery, flung the whole scheme away. Napoleon lost Waterloo through the blunders of his subordinates.

"Our Forests and Woodlands," with its admirable illustrations, will certainly prove useful not only to those professionally interested in forestry, but to the lover of nature in general. The work is prefaced by an engrossing sketch of forest laws in England from the earliest times. Then the writer takes us out among oaks, birches, limes, pines, firs, among hedgerow-trees and copses, and pours out his store of knowledge botanical and commercial. The writer deplores the absence of any institution in the

these are a few of the names that occur to one; and of artists, too, there are men like Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent. It is likely, then, that English art and English letters will find most of their active votaries in the future among our brethren who come from overseas, but who work, nevertheless, under the central inspiration of England, and carry on the classic traditions of English literature. But they will only enrich our letters if they retain their individuality as Canadians or Australians, while they subject themselves at the same time to the lessons of greatness enshrined in English literature. If, in endeavouring to speak with the classic accent, they lose their rich national individuality, what they produce will be a mere parrot-like repetition of the familiar masters, an iteration of the old, not a creation of the new. If, on the other hand, they break away entirely from the fine humanities and gracious distinctions of the older English literature, they will be crude or inorganic, like Walt Whitman, in spite of their separate and individual greatness. Here, then, we have a criterion whereby to judge the book before us. How does "A Treasury of Canadian Verse" combine the classic greatness of English literature with the new fresh spirit of English letters that must come from Canada if Canada is to add to the literary glory of the Empire? The answer is obvious to anyone who glances at the book. It is too imitative, not sufficiently original. It gratifies the Imperialist by the love of England displayed in its matter not less than in its manner. "The Death of Wolfe," "The Flag of Old England," "In Matabeleland," "The Marquis of Lorne's Visit to the North-West"—these titles of some of the poems show that Canada is English to the core. And love of the English method is equally shown by the manner of the verse. It is reminiscent of Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, and other classics of the Mother-country. But it is not sufficiently Canadian; although it has the English accent, it has not the accent of a great originality. To be sure, these are early days wherein to ask for ultimate literary greatness from a people that has just begun its glorious career. And there is evidence even in this book that Canada will yet add more than one superb chapter to the history of English literature. If Canada had produced no writer but Bliss Carman hitherto, she had produced enough for literary fame. "The Gravedigger" and "The White Gull" (quoted in this volume) show that in many ways there is no English writer to equal him.

Of the making of books on South Africa there is no end. This volume is a record of the political evolution of South Africa from the beginning of Mr. Kruger's active part in Transvaal politics to the present day, as seen from the point of view of those British residents who have watched the ebb and flow of British Imperialism. Here we have a sketch of the coming of Kruger; of the events leading to the Raid; of the nefarious methods of Kruger in tolerating bribery and corruption. From the fact that, as far back as 1892, some three hundred Germans entered the military service of the Republic, it is clear that the Transvaal Government had, years before the Raid, other plans in view than the fighting of natives. It was no sudden ebullition of feeling against some act of oppression that led the Republic to regard the existence of British authority as a common and threatening danger. The sentiment has been slowly and persistently worked up for years, and has culminated—as it was intended to culminate—in the declaration of war last autumn. Coming to the future settlement after the war, our authors think it would be desirable for the first year or two that the Free State and Transvaal should be treated as a Crown Colony under one administration.

A second edition of Surgeon-Major Waddell's "Among the Himalayas" is welcome for two reasons: it is a very readable account of an observant traveller's journeyings in a very beautiful country; and the mountains and valleys of Sikhim are much less known than the "Switzerland of Asia" deserves. Major Waddell probably knows more of the country beyond Darjeeling than any man living, and his book has interest for both the sportsman and sight-seeing traveller. Now that the Kashmir shooting-grounds have been almost cleared of game, it is well to know that there are regions almost equally accessible which have seen little of the European sportsman; and as the author describes the Lepcha inhabitants of Sikhim as born naturalists possessed of an intimate knowledge of beast and bird, the country should well repay a long visit. For the cold weather visitor to India Sikhim does not exist, these lofty regions being perfectly impassable for many months while the snow lies; but in summer it may be described as a genial land flowing with beer, that beverage being much in evidence among the hospitalities of the natives. Major Waddell deplores the omission of the Indian Government to annex the lovely and healthy Choombi Valley for use as a sanatorium, when the Tibetans forced upon us "the legitimate opportunity" of doing it a few years ago; the valley is a desirable possession for larger reasons than its suitability as a health-resort. The illustrations, whether from photographs or drawings, are numerous and generally good.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS:

Life of Sir James N. Douglas. Thomas Williams. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)
Man and the Spiritual World. Rev. Arthur Chambers. (Charles Taylor. 3s. 6d.)
The Golden: A Dream. Richard Marsh. (White. 6s.)
The Antarctic Voyages. Dr. Carl Fricker. (Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)
The Walkers of Southgate. W. A. Bettesworth. (Methuen. 15s.)
The Work of Life. Robert Herrick. (Macmillan. 6s.)
Hunting. J. Otto Paget. (Haddon Hall Library. 10s. 7s. 6d.)
All the World's Fighting-Ships. Fred T. Jane. (Published for the Naval Syndicate. 12s. 6d. Third year.)
The Flick of Fortune. Thomas Parkes. (White. 6s.)

AN ENGLISH OAK WOOD, TRING PARK, HERTS.
 Reproduced from "Our Forests and Woodlands," by permission of Messrs. Dent and Co.

British Isles at which a young landowner can obtain a training in forestry at a moderate cost, in which respect we compare unfavourably with Germany.

An anthology of Canadian poetry possesses a peculiar interest at the moment. For a process is going on at present in the British Empire which is not unlike what happened in Imperial Rome. The best writers in the later history of Rome were not native to the city, but provincials, as they were called—men like Martial or Livy, who came up to the capital to sell their literary wares. Their position, as regards Rome, was analogous to that of our own colonists as regards London. A similar drift of literary men towards London from the uttermost parts of the Empire is taking place now. Henry James, Gilbert Parker, Marriott Watson—

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



THE DISTURBANCE IN THE UPPER YANGTSE: CHUNG KING AND CHIANG PEI, SIXTEEN HUNDRED MILES FROM THE SEA.
View taken by Mr. Joseph Warton, M.P., Author of "China and the Present Crisis."



A TYPICAL CHINESE ROAD NEAR THE GREAT WALL AT SHANHAIKWAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. P. EDWARDS.
The terribly rough road and the springless cart are alike characteristic of China.



ACTORS IN THE CHINESE DRAMA: A JAPANESE INFANTRYMAN.

Drawn by H. W. K.



ACTORS IN THE CHINESE DRAMA: A "BOXER."

Drawn by H. W. Kocklock.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have a constant dread of being accused of levity. There is always present to my mind the image of that stern clergyman rebuking the labourer for delving in his little garden on the day of the Duke of Wellington's death, and singing as he delved. "You standing singing there, as if nothing had happened!" quoth the cleric: "don't you know that the Duke of Wellington lies dead?" "I'm sorry for he, parson," was the answer; "but who wur he?" The plea for extenuating circumstances was admitted; of course, I could not avail myself of a similar one by pleading ignorance of the world's events. Yet, although there is much tragedy mixed up with these events, I fail to work myself into the tragic mood. Had these lines been written a few days earlier, I might have endeavoured to do so. The wind was blowing treacherous gusts round corners and howling suggestions of suicide, the rain descended in torrents, causing people to look in vain for the rainbow in the sky, and impelling them to go home in order to consult the "Book of books" to find out whether that covenant antient a repetition of the Flood held good in perpetuity.

As a contrast, while I am writing this the sky looks beautifully bright after the recent cleansing process; the blue with which it is tinted seems to have been selected from among the best qualities available; the freshly watered roadway shows in black patches the shadows of the chimney stacks. The sun is playing at fantoccini with everything, and I am reminded of the characters in Tom Robertson's "School" giving Mr. Knux a wide berth. "On such a day, too!" they say, when that amiable creature informs them that he has been beguiling his leisure by the perusal of Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." Besides, there just now passed under my windows a man with a leg and a half riding a bicycle. I do not know how he did it, but the wheels spun as merrily round as if he had the regulation couple of calves and feet; and, in spite of all tragic events, the world seems to go as merrily round as if everything were peace and concord. The only result of the Chinese complications that has come under my observation, as far as France in particular and the Continent in general are concerned, is the enormously increased sale of Indian tea—*vide* the Chinese commodity, which bids fair to run short.

In Paris, at the Exhibition, the British-Indian tea-planters are doing exceedingly well by selling the leaves that cheer but not inebriate at three francs per pound; to the great astonishment of the Parisians, who have hitherto paid six francs, seven francs, and eight francs for inferior qualities. In a little while we shall probably hear the same story from Russia, which in normal times spends four millions sterling on the Chinese product. Or perhaps we shall not hear, and the story will have to be guessed at. For the Russian tea-importers, among whom there are many millionaires, will substitute Indian tea for Chinese, say nothing about it, and pocket the difference between the two prices.

The Germans and the Austrians have for many years drawn their teas from unknown sources, neither Indian nor Chinese. Hence the present complications will not affect them. When George Eliot and George Henry Lewes arrived for the first time in Berlin, the latter craved for a cup of tea. "It tastes like nothing at all," he said when it was brought to him. "Then thank your stars," remarked his companion, "for it might taste bad."

Nevertheless, inclined to frivolity though I may feel, it is very evident I dare not write a paper, however short, on "Tea as a Factor in History and Politics." It would be easy enough, apart from the episode of that wholesale immersion of tea in cold water in Boston which led to the War of Independence. The first English newspaper produced on the Continent had its origin in tea-making. On the Quai Malaquais, close to the Institute of France, there was, more than a hundred years ago, a *pension bourgeoise*—Anglic, a boarding-house—the tenants of which, wishing to contribute to the then prevailing fashion of the *rapprochement* of nations, dispensed "light teas" at so much per head, the partakers of the entertainment having, moreover, the privilege of improving their English and Italian. The name of the proprietors of the establishment was Galigiani, and Galigiani, having found the speculation a good one and made money by it, afterwards started the English newspaper that became famous under his name.

The taste for the favourite English beverage has increased. I am not quite certain whether the liking for those who indulge it more than any other nation, with the exception of the Russians, has kept pace with the taste. Perhaps there was no room in Frenchmen's hearts for the love of two habitual tea-drinkers. At present, at any rate, the Russians occupy that place exclusively, and the French would have gladly seen a Russian General assume the supreme command of the Allied troops to operate in China. In default of a Russian they consent to a German, not because they love the Germans more, but because they love the English less. That is the true inward significance of the acquiescence of the French in the appointment of Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee, for the quibbling about an obsolete clause of a law forbidding the command of French troops, or of a partly French contingent, will not alter matters. The followers of M. Méline have only started the point in order to embarrass the Government. M. Méline is the son of a revolution that led to the Third Republic; so is M. Waldeck-Rousseau. Both profess an ardent admiration for the dead-and-gone Gambetta. It is part of their creed, and there is no need for me to inquire whether their professions are sincere; and Gambetta appointed Garibaldi to lead a mixed corps against the Germans. I have no room to sketch Waldersee; it is only an opportunity deferred, for the man is worth sketching.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. J. F. MARSHALL and L. KARPINSKI.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

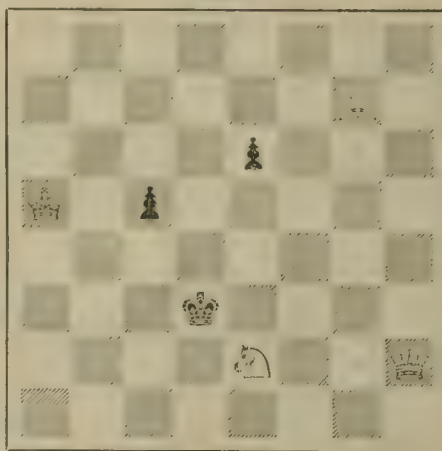
WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th
2. B to Kt 5th	
Black's defence. P to K B 4th, is not very good if properly met. This curious reply is a trap. If the answer is P to K B 3rd, then P to K 3rd threatens mate, and is not easily met.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to K 4th	B to K 2nd
5. P to K 5th	
Not probably as good as P takes P, shutting the B file.	
6. B to B sq	Kt to Kt 5th
7. B takes R	B to Kt 4th
8. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes B
9. P to K B 3rd	Q to Q sq
10. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
11. Q to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd
12. Castles K R	Castles
13. K R to K sq	P to Q Kt 3rd
P to Q 4th would be better, except that P takes P leaves the K P weak, and subject to many attacks. This is a feature of the whole opening, and well illustrates Black's weakness.	
14. Kt to K 2nd	
15. P to Kt 3rd	
16. P to B 4th	
17. Kt to B 4th	
18. P takes P	
19. B takes P	
The inevitable sacrifice. There is enough immediate return, and a position which yields something more very soon.	
20. Kt takes P	P takes B
21. Kt takes R	Q to K 2nd
22. Q R to B sq	R takes Kt
23. Q to R 5th	Kt to Q sq
24. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 3rd
25. Kt takes Kt	Kt (K 3) to Q 5th
26. P takes P	Kt takes Kt
It is not P to K 3rd, B K 3rd, R K 3rd, and so on, and so on.	
27. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to R sq
28. R takes Kt	B takes R
29. Q takes B	Q to Kt 5th
30. K to B sq	Q takes P
31. P to K 6th	Q to Kt sq
32. P to K 7th	R to K sq
33. Q to Q 7th	Resigns.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2578.—By C. H. HEMMING.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to R 6th. Any move
2. Kt to B 5th. "
3. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2580.—By W. FISLAYSOS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Liverpool has been very busy during recent weeks, and has made himself acquainted with all departments of religious work in his diocese. His visit to Walton Gaol attracted considerable interest, as it was the first occasion on which a Bishop had officially visited the prison.

A fund is being raised in the diocese of Canterbury for a memorial to the late Archdeacon of Maidstone. It is proposed to place a tablet in Canterbury Cathedral, and afterwards to provide a sum for advancing in life one or more pupils leaving the St. Edmund's Clergy Orphans' School, in which Archdeacon Smith was much interested.

The Church Lads' Brigade was most unfortunate in the weather during its camping week. Nearly six thousand lads were under canvas at South Shore, Saltburn, Bognor, Weston-super-Mare, Bridlington, and other towns. Military rules were observed, and the discipline of the camps was excellent. The Bishop of Bath and Wells very kindly officiated as chaplain at Weston, and the Bishop of Richmond at Saltburn. The thunderstorms, drenching rains, and cold winds interfered to some extent with the success of the holiday.

It is expected that the Round Table Conference on Ritual will meet at Fulham Palace in October, but there is reason to fear that in the excitement of a General Election its proceedings will attract but little notice. It might be wise to postpone the Conference till the comparatively slack period which must follow the election of the new Parliament.

The late Archdeacon Furse was a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, and a strong Liberal. He was for many years connected with the Clewer Sisterhood, having been ordained to the curacy of Clewer by Canon Carter in 1852.

The Bishop of Winchester is going abroad, and will be absent from his diocese till the end of September.

At St. Paul's during August Canon Newbolt is giving an important series of sermons on the cardinal virtues. He began with temperance, which he described as a virtue which needs to be reclaimed and restored to its true position. He refused to consider temperance as a synonym for total abstinence, but showed how the virtue might be exercised in every department of life. A very large congregation, which included many strangers, listened to Canon Newbolt's forcible address.

Bishop Corfe, of Korea, has sent a letter, dated June 27, from H.M.S. *Barfleur*, off Taku, in which he states that Niu-Chang, the centre of the Korean mission, is considered to be safe. It is under the protection of a Russian gunboat and Cossacks, and was full of refugees when the Bishop left. Further news of its safety was received in a telegram dated July 16.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The other day I came across a paragraph regarding certain ways of a species of ant which afforded me, as I am sure it must have afforded many other persons, much food for thought. Mr. E. E. Green, of the Botanic Gardens at Peradeniya, Ceylon, observing the behaviour of a certain species of red ant (*Ecophylla smaragdina*) in what has been called their web-spinning operations, has placed on record some important and interesting facts regarding the manner in which these operations (I should call them sewing-labours) are carried out. Having a distinct recollection that Mr. Green had before recorded his experiences of this ant's work, I consulted the beautiful work on "Insects," by Dr. D. Sharp, included in "The Cambridge Natural History Series"—a work, by the way, that no lover of nature should be without. I found I was correct in my supposition. Dr. Sharp gives an account of the sewing or spinning habits of this ant, common in Eastern Asia, and illustrates his remarks by the figure (after Mr. Green) of a worker ant bearing in its mouth its spinning machine.

It seems that these ants form shelters on leaves by curling the edges of the leaves together, and by joining them. The adult ants appear to have no means of effecting this latter operation, but their inventive faculties—or shall I say their adaptive instinct?—so characteristic of the race, are brought into play, and the difficulties of the position are solved in a manner as ingenious as it is interesting. The whole process reminds us of the quick "handy man," who does not wait helpless in an emergency, but uses the first thing that comes to hand for his purpose. When these ants are in their babyhood—that is, when they are in the larval condition—they possess the power of spinning silk to form the cocoon in which their chrysalis stage is passed. This, of course, is a common insect-characteristic, seen as familiarly in the case of the silkworm as anywhere. The ants, in order to form their abode, use their larvae as sewing-machines, and Mr. Green watched them at their labours. He separated the edges of leaves which had been fastened. The edges were drawn together again by the ants, but in an hour's time Mr. Green beheld small white grubs being passed backwards and forwards across the rift which had been made.

The ants, when the sewing operations have to be commenced, utilise their larvae. The adults seize the larvae in their mouths (Mr. Green's figure represents the baby-ant held in the jaws of the "worker") and apply the mouths of the grubs to the parts which require to be joined. The larvae, obedient to the demands of their seniors, begin to emit the thread with which otherwise the cocoon would be formed, and as the grub is passed backwards and forwards, held in the mouth of the worker-ant, it must be compared to the shuttle or needle of the sewing-machine. The breach in the leaf is thus repaired. In his recent observation, Mr. Green relates that as there were no grubs in the nest in the leafy wall of which he had made the breach, the ants had to apply to an adjacent domicile for the necessary aid in repairing the damage.

Now, regarded as a mere ingenious action and nothing more, this sewing habit, executed in a marvellously curious fashion, might excite our deepest interest. But when we begin to think the matter out, we speedily see that we land ourselves in a domain where ordinary modes of explaining the actions of living beings are apt to fail us. One can perfectly understand that when the grubs are seized, put in position, and probably stimulated by their situation in the jaws of their seniors, they would naturally begin to spin their thread. That act is a merely instinctive one, involving no great powers of comprehension for the understanding of its nature. But beyond the mere mechanics of the sewing action there lies a whole field of inquiry that may well daunt us when we attempt its explanation. How, for example, did the ants come to conceive the idea of utilising their grubs as spinners? It is a case of *le premier pas* here, as in so many other phases of scientific study. Once you start a habit it will be continued. The natural instinct, propagated from generation to generation—this of itself a wonderful fact—will provide for the preservation and practice of the habit. But how started? That is the question, and it is likely to remain in this position.

I do not deny that ants do many quite as wonderful things as are represented by their using these grubs to sew their leaves. They make slaves; they keep the aphides, or plant lice, as we keep cows; they have their servants to wait upon them, and sometimes even to feed them, as blind Huber showed is the case with a certain species which starves unless its minions minister to its wants. They will cultivate fungi in their nests as assiduously as horticulturists attend to their asparagus and celery, keeping the fungi free from all mould and even microbes, so that it may grow pure and be adapted for the food of the colony.

And this variation in habits in different kinds of ants is one of the most difficult points of the whole matter. It seems that whenever ant life has met with an obstacle in the past, or with some incongruity in its surroundings, it has quickly and quietly adapted itself to some new way or plan whereby the difficulties have been overcome. There is no other explanation possible of the developments and life shown us. The race has battled through past ages with untoward conditions, and it has risen superior to them all. Some have taken to live underground; others find they can better survive by living in leaves; some do their own work; others have discovered the estimable knack of getting their work done for them; and so on, through the whole gamut of ants' ways and works, we pass, puzzled by the variety of their expedients and perplexed by the cleverness with which these insects have used the world as their own. One thing at least I do know. The ants teach us the secret of successful living. That secret is the power of adjusting oneself to one's surroundings, and therein lies the whole secret of winning your way in the fight.



CHINESE ALLIGATOR.

For many years alligators were supposed to be restricted to North America, but twenty years ago a small species turned up in the Yangtze-Kiang.

LADIES' PAGE.

Mankind is gregarious, like the sheep, and to this is to be attributed the occasional occurrence of epidemics of such crimes as the recent attacks on rulers of States, and such vagaries as the marriage of youths in the bloom of manhood with charming ladies who have the one disqualification of being as old as the bridegrooms' mothers. The King of Serbia, the latest young husband to follow in this path, may be the better off in his somewhat thorny walk in life for the counsel beside him of a woman much older, and therefore presumably more worldly-wise than himself. But girls may well think that the several other recent examples of the same sort of match—two of our best-known actresses, a much-admired singer, and a prominent society woman thus marrying in the past year or two in everybody's knowledge—are somewhat mystifying. George Eliot, who was herself to make such a wedding of the May with—well, perhaps not December, but May with September or October, type, explained the matter to her own satisfaction some time before she was free to enter upon the experiment herself. Rather more than a year before the death of G. H. Lewes, whom she regarded as her first husband, she wrote to Madame Bodichon as follows: "And Miss Thackeray is married to-day to young Littlelie. I feel that the nearly twenty years' difference between them is bridged hopefully by his solidity and gravity. This is one of several instances that I have known lately, showing that young men with even brilliant advantages will often choose as their life's companion a woman whose attractions are chiefly of the spiritual order." This was her explanation, in advance, as it were, of the step that she herself took two years later, in marrying a young man of thirty or so when she was sixty. In that case, obviously, the disparity was real; but there is frequently a tendency to exaggerate the disadvantage of a few years more on the woman's side: the King of Serbia's sixteen years' juniorship, for instance, would have been considered a mere nothing had the man been the elder. The question is whether this tendency to make much of a certain degree of seniority on the wife's side is founded on wisdom and justice or whether in reality it is quite as wise and proper for a middle-aged woman to marry a young man as for an elderly husband to accept the hand of a young woman?

There happen to be some really interesting classical instances of apparent success in marriages of young men to women who were their seniors. George Eliot must not be called in evidence, for she lived so short a time—only eight months—after her second marriage that it was no test. However, her asseverations of her happiness to the end are sufficiently emphatic. Thus, but three weeks before her death, she declares that the "dual companionship" that she enjoys has prolonged her life—"it is owing to this marvellous affection that has chosen to watch over me"; and every allusion is in the same strain—the "wonderful blessing" of the "newly reopened life," the "gladness poured into my bosom," the "nursing given me with supreme tenderness." More convincing illustrations are those of Dr. Johnson, Madame de Staël, and Lord Beaconsfield. Johnson's wife, the widowed Mrs. Porter, was much older than he, yet he appears to have been passionately devoted to her. Not only did he constantly mourn for her after her death—that is easy; even that worst of husbands, the selfish grump Carlyle, could do that—but Johnson was loving to his chosen partner in life: there is an account in Boswell, given by one who was a boy in Johnson's school, of how the lads used to listen outside the door to amuse themselves with their stern master's fond talk and endearments towards his (to the boys) unattractive elderly wife; so that Mrs. Porter appears to have had, at any rate, as little reason as the average wife to regret her matrimonial experiment. Yet Johnson, who was no advocate for any sort of equality between the sexes, savagely rebuked Mrs. Thrale for marrying young Piozzi—told her that she was disgracing herself, and actually cut the acquaintance of the kindest friend of his past life on that ground. Nevertheless, Mrs. Piozzi might be added to my list of successful marriages of this order. But more conspicuous personages will suffice.

Lord Beaconsfield was seventeen years younger than his wife, to whom he testified an unflinching affection, both during her life and afterwards. I have been told by one who knew them well that not the smallest hint of disrespect or shadow of neglect towards her on the part of any friend was allowed by him to pass unpunished;

her slightly peculiar manner and appearance always seemed to be quite right in his eyes, and he compelled everybody to treat her with equal respect and deference. He does not lie in Westminster Abbey only because the Queen, who knew him so well, believed in the sincerity of the injunction of his will, which ran thus: "I desire that I may be buried in the same vault in the churchyard of Hughenden in which the remains of my late dear wife, Mary Anne Disraeli, created in her own right Viscountess Beaconsfield, were placed, and that my funeral may be conducted with the same simplicity as hers was." Lady Beaconsfield gave much to her famous partner; wealth to clear his life from the choking weeds of debt, personal devotion, and tender care unstinted and untiring; but she received in return a constant love and attention from her comparatively young husband that many a wife apparently more normally united must envy. Madame de Staël (to come to my last instance) was forty-five when she married young de Rocca, who was twenty-three. He was extremely handsome—Byron and others have left their testimony to the fact—and he was an athlete famed for his daring horse-riding. Madame de Staël became the mother of a son to de Rocca, when she was forty-six; and though she would never allow her marriage to be publicly acknowledged (for fear of ridicule) there is no doubt that it was extremely happy. In her long and painful last illness, her husband watched beside

were in place on most days, but it was a good opportunity for seeing how *chic* a good cut and clever details can make the plainest of gowns. Cream or any other shade of white is not correct Court mourning till Aug. 21, but many outside the immediate circle of royalty consider it as complimentary mourning sufficient from the first; accordingly many women were dressed in white. Serge of fine texture and cream tint was a very much favoured costume. Lady Warwick wore it in its smartest aspect, the skirt decorated with innumerable tiny tucks, and the bodice, folded round the waist with a deep glacé silk sash, finished by a deep collar. Lady Evelyn Ward made her white serge gown with its natty little bolero, correct by the addition of black vest and crêpe-de-Chine scarf. Boleros are almost universally adopted; chiffon and muslin are employed only sparingly as vests or scarves, and in this capacity black, white, and heliotrope are usually chosen. A smart dress was a soft black serge skirt, trimmed only by tuckings, a black chiffon vest, black satin pulley waistbelt, and a bolero and sleeves of white glacé, cut off as regarded the sleeves at the elbow to show an under-sleeve of black chiffon. The pulley belt has "caught on" to so great a degree that it seems universal, except when a sash is preferred. Blue serge is inevitable at Cowes. White stitching decorated it in one case, alternating in triple rows with bands of first blue then white braid, one narrow, the next wide. The bodice was of the blouse order, and had the double collar I have previously described, the under one a line of white satin, the upper of coral-pink silk. Another blue serge was "trimmed long-wise down the left side of the skirt with a couple of rows of piping of light blue; the bolero bodice was similarly edged with light blue piping, and was cut off short to reveal a pale blue folded vest in soft silk, caught under a narrow belt of black satin; small gold buttons were placed on the bolero and down the skirt just inside the pale blue pipings. In the few hours of fine and calm weather, foulards asserted themselves, being voted exactly the thing for the doubtful yet sunshiny hours.

Shooting-dresses always please me because they are so sensible. This is doubtless because they are worn only by the class over whom convention has least sway. The middle-class woman is for ever consulting the opinion of other people about her costume, but the *grande dame* wears what she herself finds convenient and seemly. Really, the becomingness of a well-built shooting-costume ought to set at rest all question as to whether a sensibly short dress for exercise is not also smart and intrinsically to be desired. Our illustrations show gowns of this order. One is built in a fancy tweed with white spots on a darker ground; it is provided with a leather vest, and the same workmanlike material binds the skirt and the pockets, and assuming that the wearer is actually going to carry a gun, a piece of leather is placed on the shoulder also. The other dress is in a plain dark cloth or tweed banded with wide white braid and buttoned back; leather is the trimming the shirt worn is of striped



SMART AND SERVICEABLE SHOOTING COSTUMES.

her with unflinching devotion; and he only survived her for seven months, grieving over his loss the while incessantly.

These are illustrious instances. Do they, then, prove that it is wise for middle-aged women to marry young men? By no means. The very fact that the persons concerned were very exceptional individuals precludes us from taking their record as an indication for general pursuance. Are we all as intellectually brilliant and interesting as George Eliot and Madame de Staël—can we all offer the halo of glorious fame burning around our brows to avert the glance of ridicule? Or are you, hesitating youth in love with your mamma's contemporary, are you gifted with the persistence of will of a Disraeli, or the force of character to defy and overawe your fellows of a Samuel Johnson? *Ex uno disce omnes*, but only if the one be an average individual. In a union so close, there must be a better chance of real unitedness if the stage of life and the consequent tendencies be similar. There is this to be said: it has been the fashion sometimes to exaggerate the effects of age in women; forty or forty-five is not old, it is the prime of life; only, consider that the young man in his twenties has his face set up hill for a long way yet to come, but the woman of forty stands on the summit and soon must submit to tread the downward slope. Can she wonder if on these different grades she lose sight of her husband? But there! what is the use of trying to talk sense about marriage?

Cowes was completely spoiled from the costume point of view by the weather. Only the sternest of tailor-mades

in this case also, but

The question of women shooting at live animals is one for the feelings—I would almost say the conscience—of the individual. Most men do not care to see women shoot for the sport of killing. The question of whether they shall learn to use a rifle is different. Though we would never wish to see women engaged in war, there may be circumstances in which every hand that can manage a gun might be required. So think the advocates of ladies becoming members of the new rifle clubs that are being formed all over the country under Government patronage. Lady Pirbright has been elected to the Guildford Club, one of its leading members, Major-General Crease, giving it as his opinion that every woman ought to know how to load and fire a rifle. Of course, women can become very excellent marksmen, if that is the right term to use. Besides such wonderful professional shots as Miss Oakley, of "Buffalo Bill's" show, there are many lady shots noted as sportswomen. Lady Florence Dixie is a shot of the most reliable and skilful order. In 1881, in South Africa, she potted bottles at two hundred yards against a crack Boer shot, who had been boasting of the superiority of his race as marksmen as against the English, and beat him so thoroughly that the discomfited Boer had to admit that one Englishwoman, at any rate, could shoot. Yet Lady Florence has since given up "sport" because she felt it impossible to her to take the innocent and happy life of even a wild creature.

PHLOENA.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Ladies' Field.

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow reason by reason more and more beautiful.

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one new lovely design after another, until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the spécialité of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."

Black and White.

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

THE ARTIST.

(THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.)

"... It held us spellbound for a space; then we slowly worked back to the title-page to realise that we had been looking at a picture record of jewellery made by the far-famed Parisian Diamond Company. We closed the book and went to see the things. Beautiful as the pictures were they gave no real idea of the actual beauty of the collection itself."



Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Illustrated London News.

"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company, who could say?

"It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

Table Talk.

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the most valuable jewellery of the day."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"As to the designs of the Parisian Diamond Company, they are more beautiful than those into which real gems are wrought, and indeed it would be a clever expert who could tell them from real stones when they are set in exactly the same way, only with far more variation and more art as to form."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

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The Sketch.

"Take, for example, the really splendid jewels that are constantly being produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, which not only rival the costly wares of the greatest jewellers, but in many instances excel them in their beauty and perfection of design."

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"In the great movement for the more artistic designing of jewellery the Parisian Diamond Company are playing a prominent part. We have for years, let us confess it at once, been asleep to the artistic value of the decorative influence of jewels."

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THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

"The hammer of the West smelted upon the anvil of the East; there will be many sparks, and the spark is the Father of flames." These words, spoken by a highly educated Moslem to the writer, in the winter of last year, summed up a situation that gives pause even to men of action in these exciting days, and may recall the Eastern saying, "It is right that the hammer should not pity, it is right that the anvil should not yield." To-day China, for now any remaining country with a spark, is yet to be exploited, will be the scene of disturbance, until the destiny of the West is fulfilled, or some force yet unexplored levels the components of the East into one great mass, and the light of a great and new religious enthusiasm shows them the way to victory.

The stay-at-home citizen, prosperous, healthy, and well content, who takes his religion on Sunday and his politics over the breakfast-table, readily dismissed the Far Eastern question from his mind. He believes that Western pluck and discipline conquer all difficulties; that his orthodoxy would make the East quite happy, could the East understand it. His optimism is to their doubts as the morning light to the mist. None the less, grey-haired, clear-eyed sun-marked men who fight the battle of the progress we know best, who have toiled, seen, and suffered, are full of misgiving, and when questioned are apt to confess that they are more concerned with the future than the present. They say that China is capable of absorbing half Europe without feeling any ill effects, that Chinese life and customs, however greatly they may vary from our accepted standards, are better for the Chinese than any form of life and customs we could put in their place; they talk gravely of the effect to be expected when millions of frugal industrious lives, who can thrive where Europeans starve, become their own producers or even enter into competition with Tom and Jean and Fritz and Ivan, with Jan, José, and Antonio, who, simple and contented as they may be, require from Mother Earth six times as

much as suffices to serve and satisfy the man whom we call a "heathen Chinese." Even granting that the common-sense of the Powers may succeed in keeping them from falling out among themselves, the problem of production remains, nor is it the only one of moment.

The most casual student of Confucius will be quick to grasp the difference between the secularism of the great

development, it has to thank the belief in Predestination, which has paralysed the East; and the certainty that it is good to sit still, to rest, to disregard the more obvious gifts of life, to kill by slow, unrelenting repression the tendencies that make for activity. This system of restraint, whether in the form resulting from one faith or another, has done more to chain up the

East than all the soldiers and weapons that Western military systems can create. The East is a sleeping dog, with powers and possibilities unknown to the students of works written before the era of the printed book; the West will no longer suffer the sleeping dog to lie. What will be the result of the awakening? It is not for pleasure or recreation that the East has sent emissaries to the West in these latter years, or that men of the type of Li-Hung-Chang have visited the arsenals and dockyards of a Europe grown over-confident through generations of successful progress. This century, when our Chinese soldiers advancing against their foes with grotesquely painted shields, designed to frighten "foreign devils" into submission, see modern quick-firing guns brought against the combined troops of Europe, with result, on at least one occasion, that the trained troops of the West were compelled to retire. We are still in advance of the Chinese in the arts of war. Is there any guarantee that the people who first invented gunpowder may not some day be first

in the field with more deadly means of offence and defence?

The hatred of "foreign devils" among the Confucians finds its counterpart in the Moslem contempt for the "Nazarenes." No day passes without seeing some evidence that the East, having borrowed Western weapons, is ready and even anxious to try conclusions on level ground. Happily for the West, the man has not come with the hour to the East; should he come, and it is at moments like these that great men are born to direct great races, we may yet live to see the West struggling for existence with the forces it first armed and then disturbed.

S. L. B.



THE EUROPEAN CLUB, TIENTSIN.

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Photo, A. T. Edmonds.

sage and the teaching of Buddha and Mohammed, who claim countless adherents in the Celestial Empire. These are, generally speaking, of the lower class, though the people most anxious to divide the vast territories without delay are compelled to testify to the learning of the masses. Comparison between the lowest classes of Europe and of China—in this case comparison between continent and empire may be permitted—results in favour of the Eastern; and we are faced with the contentment of the East, the restfulness born of religious systems that favour Predestination, either directly or indirectly. If the West has been vouchsafed time through centuries for

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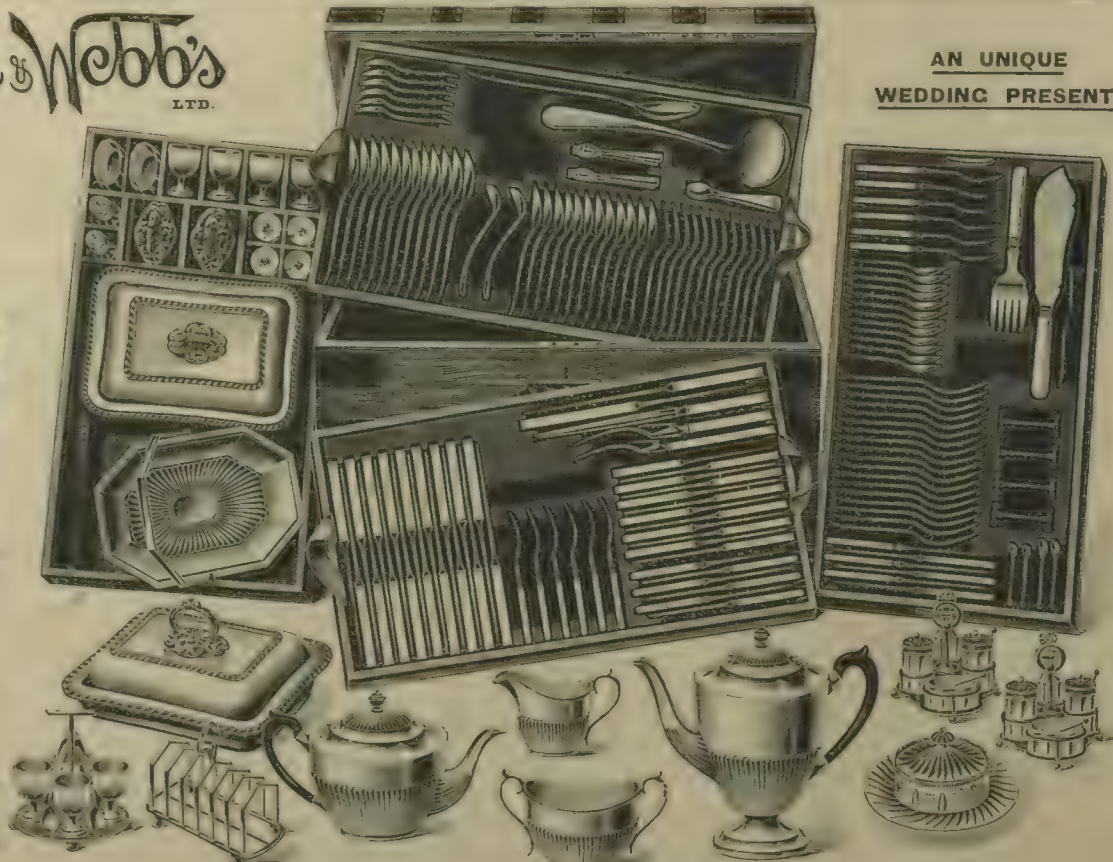
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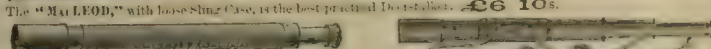
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Probate of the will of the late Mr. Samuel George Smith, of Scomb Park, Hertford, and 1, Lombard Street, London, was granted to the executor, Mr. Frederick Chatfield Smith, on the 11th inst. The testator leaves to his son, Mr. Frederick Chatfield Smith, his capital in Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smith's; to his brother Horace James Smith Bosanquet a legacy of £80,000; and to the trustees of his sister's marriage settlement a sum of £40,000; and, after bequeathing some small legacies to his servants and other legatees, divides the residue of his estate in equal shares between his brothers Frederick Chatfield Smith, Rowland Smith, and Horace James Smith Bosanquet. The gross estate was sworn of the value of £1,551,045 3s. 11d.

The will (dated April 11, 1894), with a codicil (dated March 10, 1899), of Mr. William Mewburn, J.P., D.L., of Wykhall Park, near Banbury, who died on May 25, was proved on Aug. 3 by William Mewburn, the son, and John Lees Barker, Mark Oldroyd, M.P., and Robert William Perks, M.P., the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £147,589. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then, as to two sixths, upon trust, for his son, and one sixth each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Sophia Ogden, Mrs. Eliza Dyer Barker, Mrs. Maria Tew Oldroyd, and Mrs. Edith Perks.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1892) of Sir Charles Oppenheimer, of 8 Bockelheimer Landstrasse, Frankfurt, Germany, her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Frankfurt, who died on June 21, was proved in London on Aug. 1 by Francis Oppenheimer, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £193,011. The testator bequeaths £1000, and the money in the house and at his bankers at Frankfurt, and, during her widowhood, the use of his house and furniture, and an annuity not exceeding £3500, or in the event of her remarriage of £1000, to his wife, Dame Bertha Oppenheimer; £40,000 marks each, upon trust, for his daughters Blanche and Sascha; £77,500 marks, upon trust, for his daughter Emily; and during the widowhood of his wife annuities of £500 each to his sons Francis and Albert Martin. He also gives his shares in the Fire Insurance Association, and on the death or remarriage of his wife the sum of £12,000 to

his son Albert Martin. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son Francis.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1899) of Mr. John Archibald Shaw Stewart, son of the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of 48, Chester Square, and Dunrod, Torquay, who died on May 25, was proved on July 31 by Mrs. Constance Mary Shaw Stewart, the widow, Archibald Claude Shaw Stewart, the son, and Cyril Earle Johnston, the executors, the value of the estate being £135,661. The testator gives £10,000 and his two residences, with the contents, to his wife; £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter Constance Angela; £6500 to his daughter Mrs. Gore-Browne, in addition to what he has already settled on her; £500 to his brother Robert; £3000 to his grandson Stewart Gore-Browne; £1000 each to his grandchildren, Robert and Sapphire Gore-Browne; £1000 each to his nieces, Mrs. Evelyn Mary Agnew, Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth Bethell, and Mrs. Cora Findley; and to his nephew Alexander S. Sinclair; £50 each to his nieces, Viscountess Newark and the Hon. Mrs. Agnes Caroline Littleton; £100 each to the daughters of his brother Robert; £100 each to the four sons of his brother, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart; £200 to Cyril Earle Johnston; £200 to Admiral Sir William Houston Stewart; £100 each to St. George's Hospital and the Additional Curates Society; £200 to the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School (Westminster); £1000 to Keble College (Oxford); and an additional sum of £500, upon trust, to apply the income thereof for the augmentation of the stipends of the livings in the gift of the College; and a few other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will and codicil (both dated March 22, 1897) of Mr. John Garratt Cuttley, J.P., of Shabden, Mersham, Surrey, who died on May 25, was proved on Aug. 1 by Wentworth Ewing Cuttley, the nephew, and Harry Wilmot Lee, the executors, the value of the estate being £115,137. The testator bequeaths £500 to his brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Dugmore; £500 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Wentworth Ewing Cuttley.

The will and codicil (both dated Feb. 15, 1900) of Mr. Henry Shaw, J.P., D.L., of Whitehall, near Buxton, who died on May 28, were proved on Aug. 3 by Arthur

Pilkington Shaw, the son, Alfred Hubbersty, and Francis Drevry, the executors, the value of the estate being £131,043. The testator states that he had settled the Whitehall estate on his son, Arthur Pilkington, and made provision for his present wife, Mrs. Laura Shaw. He gives £12,500 each to his sons Percy, Harold, and Gerald, on their attaining twenty-three years of age; £12,500 each, upon trust, for his daughters by his former wife; £10,000, upon trust, for his son Leonard; £250 each to Helen Sharpe and Ethel Margaret Lyttel; £200 each to Alfred Hubbersty and Francis Drevry; £500, upon trust, for Florence Shortt; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son Arthur Pilkington.

The will (dated March 17, 1899), with two codicils (dated April 26 and Dec. 23 following), of Mr. Thomas Devas, of Mount Ararat, Wimbledon, and of Devas, Routledge, and Co., Limited, Cannon Street, E.C., who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 6 by Thomas Ernest Devas, the son, and James Allen, the executors, the value of the estate being £114,273. The testator gives £500 and an annuity of £600 during widowhood to his wife Mrs. Emily Devas; £5200 to his son Thomas Ernest; £200 each to his other children; £300 to James Allen; and legacies to servants. He also gives 801 shares in Devas, Routledge, and Co., upon trust, for each of his children, Hubert Edwin and Helen Rowena Conway; 351 shares, upon trust, for his son Arthur Charles; 802 shares to his son Thomas Ernest; 400 shares, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Harriet Gertrude Hunter; and 651 shares, upon trust, for his daughter Bertha Katharine. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1899) of Henry Mildmay St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke and St. John, of Lydiard Park, Wilts, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Aug. 1 by Mary Emily Elizabeth, Viscountess Bolingbroke and St. John, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £83,837. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 26, 1892), with a codicil (dated Aug. 3, 1892), of Mr. William Brown, of Summerhurst, Hangershall Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on May 29, was proved on July 28 by Anthony Brown and William Charles Brown, the sons, and Frederick Lee, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £95,600. The testator

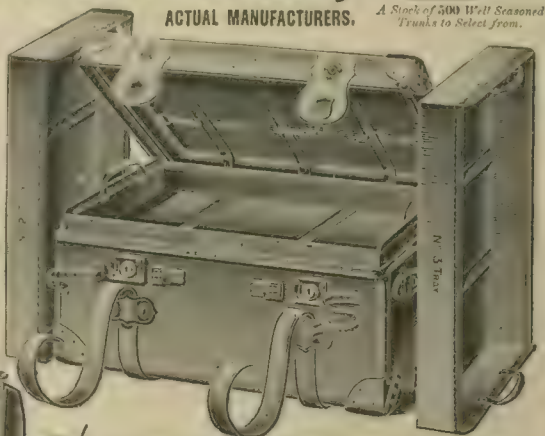
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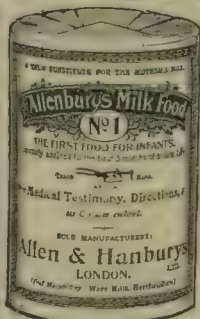
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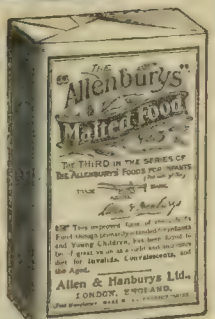
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The will (dated Feb. 2, 1897), with a codicil (dated July 27, 1899), of Sir George Arthur Parker, of 26, Whitehall Court, who died on June 6, was proved on Aug. 1 by Edmund Henry Parker, the brother, and Theodore Bell, the executors, the value of the estate being £61,980. The testator gives £4000 to his sister Ellen Francis Linsent; £6000, upon trust, for his sister Emma Hester Parker; £5000 to his sister Beatrice Elizabeth Cracroft; £2000 to his brother Robert John Parker; £4000, upon trust, for his brother William Edward Parker; £3000 to his brother Edmund Henry

Parker; £5000 to his brother Charles Arthur Parker; £5000 to his sister Mary Murray Parker; £3000 to Captain O'Brien Zouch Darrah; £500 to Captain Edward Butler; £100 to Theodore Bell; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his brothers Edmund Henry and Charles Arthur, and his sisters Mary Murray and Emma Hester.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1890) of Mr. James Heard Pulman, of 96, Northside, Wandsworth Common, who died on April 22, was proved on July 21 by the Rev. William Walker Pulman, the surviving executor, the value of the estate amounting to £48,401. The testator gives £3000 and his personal effects to his brother Thomas Walter Pulman; £1000 to his cousin Julia Maria Marchard; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces, the Rev. William Walker Pulman, the Rev. Procter Thomas Pulman, Harriot Mary Pulman, and Susannah Elizabeth Melhuish Pulman.

The will and codicil of Mr. Richard Colenutt, J.P., of Eversley, Queen's Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on May 8, were proved on July 31 by Fabian Colenutt and George William Colenutt, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £15,257.

The will (dated March 20, 1863) of Miss Marion Turner Cosway, daughter of the late Sir William Cosway, of Norfolk House, Queen's Road, Cowes, who died on June 6, was proved on July 25 by Miss Helen Glenhorne Cosway,

the sister, the value of the estate being £18,591. The testatrix gives a conditional legacy of £5000 or £3000, in the happening of certain events, to her brother William Halliday Cosway. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister.

The will of Mrs. Agnes Ann Strutt, of Bridgehill, Belper, Derby, who died on June 5, was proved June 16 by George Herbert Strutt, the son, and John Hunter, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,738.

The will of General James Gathorne Cookson, of 15, Eastcombe Villas, Blackheath, who died on June 28, was proved on Aug. 1 by Mrs. Julia Augusta Pattle Cookson, the widow, the value of the estate being £5445.

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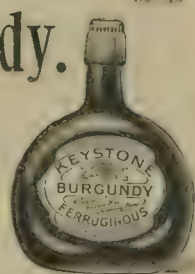
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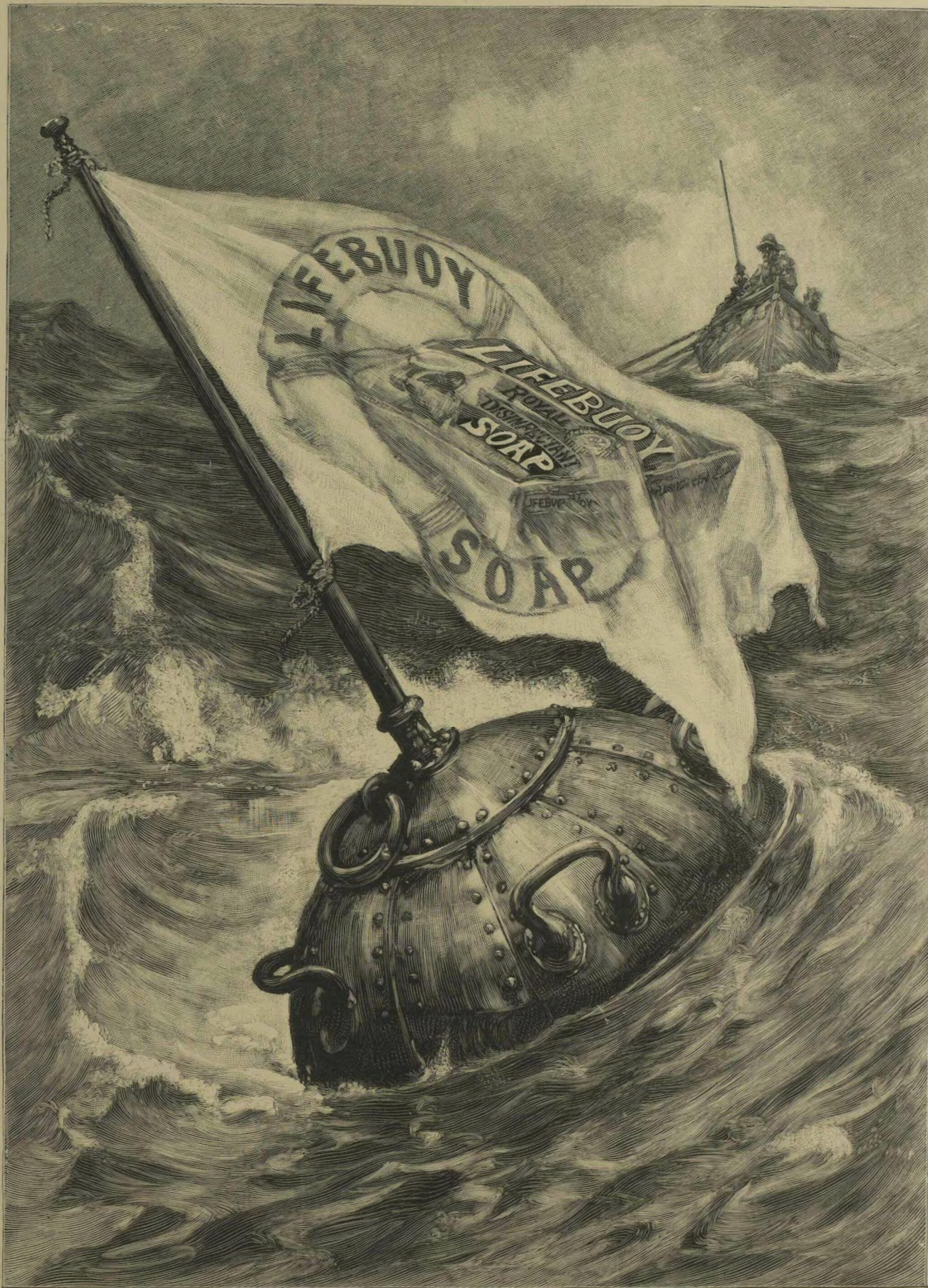
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ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

"England and America after Independence," by Edward Smith (Constable), is a useful and timely piece of work. Starting with the independence of the Colonies as an accomplished fact, without discussion on the causes that led to it or the principles involved, it sketches the diplomatic relations between England and America down to the Alabama award in 1872. We should hesitate to say that the author is invariably impartial in his account of that international intercourse. We doubt, for example, if he makes sufficient allowance for the sensitiveness of a people not entirely sure of their position and, at the same time, confident (with a confidence justified by events) of their right to assume it and their ability to maintain it. Again, another colour might have been given to some of the elements of Great

Britain's neutrality towards North and South. The attitude to the Civil War of the different classes in this country is adequately explained, though we rather think insufficient stress is laid upon the favour in which the South was held, and upon the disbelief in the ultimate success of the North firmly established in English public opinion, a disbelief which, with a wise prescience, Disraeli always opposed. But, certainly, in his statement of the case of the Confederate cruisers, Mr. Smith does not press the charge of remissness against the English Government with undue severity. Still, however we may differ in detail, it is impossible to dispute the main conclusions of his study—the extraordinary conciliatoriness of England, and the inability or determination of America to misunderstand her. Independence once recognised, England from the King downwards professed a willingness to meet the friendship of the United States as, to quote the

fine words of Adams, "a rising empire and an infant virgin world"; and the profession was very generally genuine. Men like Jay and Gouverneur Morris and Rufus King, even in the early period of our international intercourse, clearly recognised this. It is notable, indeed, how constantly friendly relations between the two countries have been established and maintained by the personal influence of their envoys. But the New Englanders held a low and prejudiced opinion of this country, which was reflected in the bitter animosity of their statesmen, such as Adams and Jefferson. Mr. Smith's examination of our international relations stops at 1872, since when considerable advance has been made towards a better understanding. But even now it will be well to remember the lessons of our earlier intercourse, and perhaps the chief of these is that at no time was it more healthy than when England put down her foot and did not conciliate overmuch.

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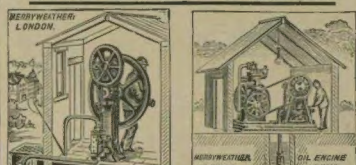


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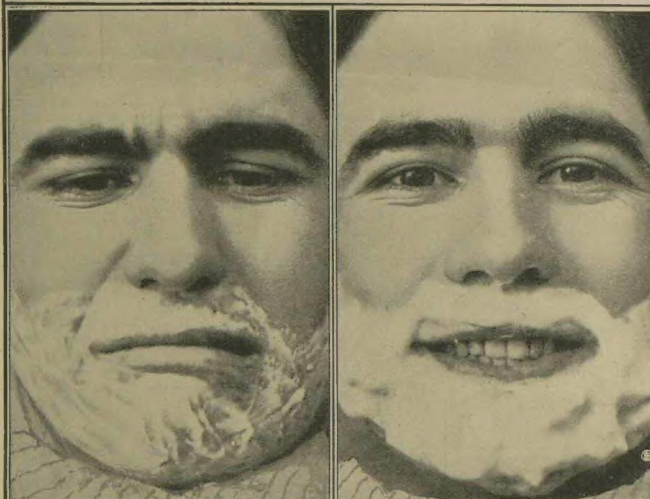
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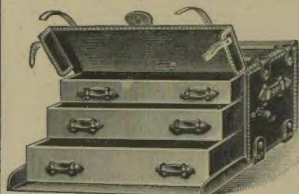


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